NEW YORK CLIPPER.

VOL. I.—No. 13. NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1853. PRICE 3 CENTS.

My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'T is summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow 's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady, &c.

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter 't will never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home good night!

Weep no more, my lady, &c

THE MAD WOLF.

A Tale of the Rocky Mountains.

In the month of October, 1833, I was on my return from a trapping tour on Green River, the Grand Colorado of the West, in company with three companions, one named Alexandre, a half-breed, Verboncœur, a Frenchman, and an American named Worthington. After a long day's tramp, we halted in a neck of timber, upon a tributary of the Colorado, immediately bordering upon a wide spreading prairie; and, having here pitched our tents, and tied the animals, we started out to reconnoitre the neighborhood surrounding the camp-ground. The country we had been travelling over all day lay immediately in the path of the roving bands of *Arapaho* and *Crow* Indians, and the former tribe was the white man's inveterate foe. Caution, therefore, counselled us to examine the tracks imprinted around us before we resigned ourselves to security and repose. Having mounted a willow-covered ridge near the encampment, I descended into a small valley on our right, and had not proceeded far before I descried smoke issuing from the covert. Carefully approaching the spot, I soon discovered a numerous war party encampment of Crows, and, as they were friendly to the company I belonged to, without hesitation I entered the circle seated around the fire. All seized their weapons with a general exclamation of "*how!*" when, informing them, in their own language, that I was *Little Wolf*—a name conferred upon me by an old chief of the tribe while I was sojourning at their village—they immediately remembered me, and all signs of hostility were stayed between us. After a friendly shaking of hands, and a short smoke of the calumet, I obtained all the information I needed relative to the Arapahoes, and with pleasure learned that the war parties of the Crows had driven them far from the southern hunting grounds. The chief of the party, and a number of his braves, accompanied me a short distance on my return, and, when we parted, it was with mutual expressions of friendship. On arriving at camp, I found my companions awaiting my coming. Each reported his observations, and the information which I imparted was received with general satisfaction. It also confirmed their several reports, all declaring their search yielded no sign of hostile footsteps.

Every preparation was now made for a night of uninterrupted repose, and every thing promised the luxury. Our wearied march, with the unceasing watchfulness necessary for safety, had worn us down, until a night of unbroken sleep was looked forward to as the greatest boon circumstances could confer upon us. A foe would not approach us in the position we occupied, with our friends the Crows posted in such close proximity—they were nearly within hail—certainly within sound of our guns. A final examination was made of the *lariat* ropes which confined our animals, and then a short smoke—the trapper's greatest luxury—was indulged in; after which, spreading the buffalo robes, we dropped off into a slumber that needed no artificial aids to prolong its soundness.

How long we had lain in sleep I know not; but, all at once, with a suddenness which started repose into flight, I felt myself jerked from the robe on which I was resting. My first thought was that Indians had attacked us, but the light of the fire disclosed my antagonist to be a *wolf*, which had seized and still held me fast by the left hand. I had no weapon within my reach, so, without hesitation, I struck him with my shut fist, and, delivering the blow upon his grinning muzzle with all my force, I broke his hold, but in doing so lacerated my thumb against his tusk. The whole was but the work of a moment. Alexandre, who lay nearest to me, aroused himself, and no sooner was I released from the infuriated beast, than it seized him by the cheek. He choked it off, when, by this time, Verboncœur and Worthington having secured their knives, they rushed upon the animal. Each inflicted wounds upon him—but both were bitten. With a howl that curdled the hearer's blood, our assailant fled and disappeared in the darkness. This sudden and violent interruption to our slumbers was not endured with Christian meekness, nor commented on in those choice epithets which bespeak a delightful surprise. On the contrary, we indulged in a few bitter epithets against this nocturnal visiter, and, having thus in a measure appeased the wrath within us, we hastily bound up the wounds we had received, and once more forgot our dangers in the oblivion of sleep.

When morning broke, all sallied forth in different directions, filled with revengeful purpose against the wolf, believing that he would lurk in our neighborhood. But, after an extended search, we were forced to forego the promised revenge and vent our anger in declarations of what we would have done if chance had only placed him within gun-shot. On my return I again encountered the Crow party, the chief of which informed me that a *mad wolf* had visited their camp the night previous. He had been driven off, however, before he had bitten any of their party. This intelligence chilled my blood with a horrible apprehension; and when he added that the animal fled in the direction of our camp, I felt assured he had been our fierce visitor. With gloomy forebodings of coming ill, I returned to my companions, who were preparing for a start.

Every thing being in readiness we departed from the camping-ground, and, holding our way down the valley, came upon the great Crow *trace*, where, discovering the tracks of a large party of white men, we followed it up, and fell in with a trapping party of the North American Fur Company. From them I obtained some whiskey and salt, which I applied to my wounds, and advising my companions to use the same precaution, I intimated that the animal which bit us might be rabid. They laughed at my fears, but after, as I thought, sufficiently amusing themselves about my "womanish" dread of a wolf bite, I checked thir mirth by imparting to them the intellgence I had gained from the Crows. Having, however, commenced amusing themselves at the expense of my fears, in a spirit of bravado they continued. I was awed by a presentiment of coming evil, and exhibited it, no doubt, in my countenance. Moreover, between dread of the wounds I had received, and chagrin at their ill-timed merriment, I was influenced to drink freely of the liquor. My stolid air of indifference, together with my continued libations, alarmed them, for I was habitually temperate as regarded drink—but the reverse in passion. An outburst of anger on my part would have been natural, and have amused them—but my troubled countenance coupled with the quiet despair of my actions, made them uneasy, and they watched me with interest. The liquor first made keen my sensibilities, then imparted a reckless indifference, which was followed by the stupor of deep intoxication; and wrapped in its attendant robe of oblivion, I forgot the previous night's encounter. The songs and adventures related around the camp-fire on that night were unheard by me—and both companies were prepared to separate in the morning before they aroused me from my deep sleep. All the painful feelings of intoxication awoke with me, and, stupid and sick, I made my way to the halting-ground, and laved my head and body in its cool waters. Here Worthington, one of my companions, separated from us and joined the other company. Bidding him and the party adieu, we turned our horses' heads, and again took up the line of march for the Laramie river. We were in a region where danger lurked in every bush, and where the footsteps of human beings brought hostility almost as surely as the clouds betoken rain. Thus far through the whole season of trapping we had escaped unhurt, and were returning, richly laden with spoils.

But while successfully avoiding the savage foe, a hidden one was at work in our midst, more terrible than the painted warriors of the western desert—more appalling in its promised fatality than the torturing knife of the ruthless red man. *Hydrophobia*, in all its horrid panoply of terrors, looked out from the eyes that surrounded me, and I thought the madness was reflected back from my own.

On the day we crossed *Cache-a-la-Poudre* river, a colt, on which we had strapped some light articles, betrayed symptoms of the malady, and for the first time we found out he had been bitten. Alexandre and Verboncœur had fastened their guns upon his pack, to relieve themselves of the burthen while climbing the river banks, and now with dismay they observed him break loose from the mule to which he was tied, and with a yell of terror fly from the stream we had just crossed, the foam gathering around his mouth, indicating with certainty the cause of his frantic actions. The arms he bore away were necessary for our protection. I, therefore, started in pursuit—but the mad animal being lightly laden, soon left my jaded mule far behind, and dashing over a ledge to our left, ere I reached the promontory, he was entirely lost to view. Misfortune appeared to have thrown her mantle over us, and, to a dread of the disease which threatened us, was now added the loss of weapons. Continuing our course down the borders of the Laramie, which became frozen over by the continued cold weather, we approached the North Fork of the Platte, and, while in its immediate neighborhood, fancied we observed the colt quietly grazing in a plain before us. Leaving Alexandre, who complained of being ill, Verboncœur and myself started in pursuit. A flicker of hope stole about our hearts that this might indeed be the runaway animal, free from hydrophobia, which had fled, startled by the close proximity of some beast of prey, or had been only stung to momentary madness, by some venemous insect. As we neared the animal all hopes fled—distance and our ardent wishes had converted the hump of a buffalo into the semblance of a pack, which on nearer approach resolved itself into its real character, and cast us back again into a state of despondency. At this moment, a cry from my companion, who was pointing toward camp, directed my attention thitherward, and the next moment I beheld our tent on fire, and the half-bred flourishing around his head a burning faggot. We instantly turned our horses' heads and rode with all speed toward him—as we approached he started off the pack-mules with his brand, and when we reached the spot all our worst fears were confirmed—he was a howling *madman!*

After a violent struggle, in which he inflicted severe blows upon us both, we succeeded in securing his arms, and having bound him upon a pallet of skins, we drove stakes into the frozen ground, and there tied him. While he raved and howled, all the savage in his nature made predominant by his malady, Verboncœur and myself sat weighed down with horrid dread, and were contemplating each other with fear. I fancied I beheld a wild expression in his eyes, and no doubt he observed the same in mine. Alexandre, in the mean time, recovered from his convulsion, and in tones of earnest supplication besought us to end his torture, by sending a bullet through his brain. His supplications but echoed the thoughts which were coursing through my mind—I was meditating suicide with all the coolness of a wretch whose cup of despair is full, and the tide of which but lingers on the brim. Another, and another convulsion followed the progress of the disease upon our poor Alexandre; in his terrible paroxysms he tore one arm loose from the cords, and with a howl began to rend it with his teeth; when we secured the limb he tried to seize his shoulder, this we prevented by placing a strap across his forehead, and fastening it on each side with stakes—he now bit his lips with fury, and the blood and foam gathered about them in his agony, while the pupil of his dark eye shot fire, and the ball, which a few days previous was as white as the snow upon the hills, assumed a hue as red as blood. All other dangers vanished before this one—the savage foe no longer inspired fear, indeed, he would have been welcomed to a conflict which promised for us certain death. As the sun of that day of sorrow went down, the half-breed's paroxysms became more violent, and seating ourselves beside his rude mountain couch, we watched him through the gloom of night. Morning at length dawned, and we were rejoiced that with its first blush the spirit of our comrade fled, leaving his tortured body to its long sleep.

Alexandre's knife had been carried off by the colt, with the guns, and the amount of arms between Verboncœur and myself was one rifle, two knives and a pistol; of these my companion had but a knife as his share, and I felt selfishly glad, for he was an athletic man, who, armed, in madness, would slay me in a moment; I therefore clutched the weapons I possessed with an eager gripe, and watched my comrade's motions with painful vigilance. We could not bury Alexandre's body, the earth being so frozen it was impossible to dig it with our knives, we therefore started down to to the river, with the intention of cutting a hole through the ice and depositing it in the stream, out of reach of the wolves. Verboncœur first commenced cutting, but had not succeeded in making a crevice before he snapped his knife-blade off about midway. This accident, at any time while in the mountains, would have been looked upon as a great misfortune—in our situation it was viewed as a frightful calamity, a loss which rendered us weak and helpless in defence, and which it was impossible to replace; and yet, paradox as it may seem, while I grieved I rejoiced, for while it diminished the number of our weapons, it robbed my companion of the only dangerous one he had left, and one I had looked upon with dread. I represented to him the necessity of carefully preserving the other knife, and he assented; we therefore concluded not to risk it in the ice, but folding up the remains of our dead companion in a buffalo robe left it upon the prairie without sepulture, with the winds alone to murmur his dirge. So perished the first victim of the *Mad Wolf*.

When we again started, my companion asked me for the pistol in my belt, and the knife in my sheath, which he argued would be a fair division of the weapons, and I had no good reason for refusing him, other than my wakeful fears, but I put him off with an excuse that I wished to place them in proper order before I resigned them. He smiled, and we journeyed on. After observing his countenance for some time, I began to grow reassured, it looked calm and undisturbed, and his step displayed a firmness and decision which I believed could only belong to health in body and mind. While thus growing in hope and confidence, and when on the very eve of yielding up a weapon to him, a wolf howled in our immediate neighborhood, and I could see him shudder, the muscles of his face contract, and his eye assume an unusual lustre, while a low groan broke from his heaving chest. I hugged the weapons in my possession with increased eagerness, and clung to them with a tenacity founded on absolute fear, for I conjectured, and rightly, that the seeds of the dread malady which carried off our half-breed companion were making themselves manifest in Verboncœur. In crossing a small branch which emptied into the Laramie, I again watched his features, and all the symptoms of hydrophobia burst forth in a paroxysm, unmistakable in its character. He instantly rushed upon me, when with the heavy barrel of my rifle I felled him senseless, my fears had made me a Hercules in strength, and then leaping upon his insensible body I bound him with a *larsat* rope so tightly that in vain he struggled for freedom. I sat down beside him with my teeth clenched, and listened unmoved to his ravings and prayers for death; he, like Alexandre, besought me to despatch him, but finding his supplications move me not, he broke into horrid imprecations and threats, in which he swore that he would kill me, that he would tear me with his teeth, and, bound as he was, he rolled his body towards me. I held him down to the earth, and he again relapsed into dreadful convulsions. My despair had now no lower depth. I looked upon my remaining comrade and shared in his agony, for I expected that inevitable as fate my turn would come next; and yet, with this belief preying at my heart, some unknown power of the human will held back my hand when I would have yielded to my comrade's entreaties for death.

At times the resolution to despatch him, and follow it up with my own death, was on the very eve of being consummated, when a whisper of hope would bid me firmly to suffer on. Worn out nature could bear up no longer without repose, and so wearied was I in mind and body, that almost unconsciously I sunk into slumber. While the fire at my feet grew more and more dim, my senses wandered away in a delightful dream to the fireside of my old home, and the wildness of the trapper life, its many perils and hardships, melted away in the soft sunlight of an autumn sky, which appeared to throw its golden beams over my far-off home. There the settler smoked his pipe in security, his household slumbered in peace, and the morning sun awoke him to enjoyment instead of fear. My dream had taken the hue of my hopes and wishes.

While my senses were thus wrapt, the report of fire-arms dispelled the vision, and not knowing for a moment whether it was a dream or reality, I sprung to my feet and felt for my pistol—it was *gone!* I stood for a moment collecting my thoughts, and partly waiting to feel the effects of a wound, but no sensation of pain manifesting itself, I seized a brand from the smouldering fire and held it over my bound companion; all was solved at a glance—he had in his struggles released one arm, and a lucid it intervening, poor Verboncœur had drawn the pistol from my belt, while I slept, and ended his agony by his own hand.

I was now *alone*—far in the wilderness—a dreadful apprehension of the poison being in my veins ever present to my thoughts—and thus seated in darkness by my dead companion, my heart bowed down, and my mind cheerless as the gloom surrounding me, I yielded to the feelings which were preying upon my manhood, and wept like a child. Morning at length dawned, and folding my dead companion up, as we together had previously bestowed the first victim, I mounted a mule, and with the pack animals pursued my solitary way. My march was now one of indifference, and with a kind of foolish daring I plunged through every stream impeding my progress, and drank freely of their waters, inviting, as it were, the madness I was sure would come. My progress was tedious, difficult, laborious and full of hardships, but at length, almost worn down, I arrived at our trading post on the North Fork of the Platte. When I presented myself to the commander of the post, he did not recognize my gaunt form and seared visage. Suffering both of body and mind, had so stamped my natures, that I looked like some escaped maniac, and the uneasy appearance of my sunken eye made old friends look upon me with suspicion—they thought I was crazed. When I told my story, and showed the wounds upon my hands, inflicted by the rabid wolf, and related the death of my comrades they shook their heads with doubt, and I could hear it whispered among them that some dreadful affray had occurred between us resulting in their death. Others suggested that the savages had slain my companions, and that through suffering alone in the wilderness, I had become insane. All these doubts worked upon my troubled mind until reason did indeed begin to totter upon its throne. A few days after my arrival at the North Fork post, an express rider arrived, who had passed a night in the camp of the American trapping party our companion, Vorthington, had joined, and he had not only heard our encounter with the mad wolf related, but the fact of his having the malady dreadfully confirmed in the death of Wortington, who perished in their camp under all the certain symptoms of hydrophobia. My story being thus confirmed, and painful suspicions removed, I felt a change in the tone of my mind; fears which had harbored there began to diminish in intensity, and no symptom of the much dreaded malady appearing, hope grew strong within me. This produced a corresponding improvement in health, until gradually the [illegible] of my dreadful march disappeared [illegible] m and feature.

I have often s[illegible] assign a cause for my es[illegible] requently been led to at[illegible] e use of liquor and salt, [illegible] ith the northwestern tra[illegible] hey nullified the poison. [illegible] e passed since the adven[illegible] hankful heart I chronicle[illegible] stige of its effects remai[illegible] recollection of our nigh[illegible] e *Mad Wolf* of the Pra[illegible]

The [illegible]

It is said, bu[illegible] eeds a good deal of figuring [illegible] that the English steame[illegible] aten the shortest trip of [illegible] rs *about six minutes.* The[illegible] e had a taste of being [illegible] ean, and we venture to pr[illegible] aste urge them to gre[illegible] r their supremacy. [illegible] quaintance is wil[illegible] the Arabia's time [illegible] three months, by [illegible] ers. Who's got an[illegible]

TRAINING FOR THE RING.

In this Number of the CLIPPER, we commence the publication of a series of articles on Training for the Ring, in which is given much valuable information for the general reader, as regards the preservation of health and strength. We advise all to carefully read these articles, and by following out, as far as conveniently can be, the instructions herein given, the benefit to be derived will amply compensate for such privations and inconveniences. The articles on training will be followed by

THE RULES OF THE RING.
FORM OF ARTICLES FOR A PRIZE BATTLE.
DUTIES OF SECOND AND BOTTLE HOLDERS.
DUTIES OF UMPIRES AND REFEREES.
HINTS ON SPARRING AND THE ART OF ATTACK AND DEFENCE.
INDISPENSABLE ATTRIBUTES OF AND REQUISITES FOR A PERFECT PUGILIST.
ON HEALTH IN GENERAL AND THE CAUSES OF DEBILITY.

No. 1.

RIGHT TRAINING.

You may as well ride a trotting-match with a horse unshod—you may as well run a greyhound half-an-hour after feeding—you may as well take a hunter out of a clover paddock and ride him in a steeple-chase—you may as well try and dam the gut of Gibraltar with a sluice made of wafers, as go into the Ring without training. There is no exaggeration here. An untrained man, in comparison with the man that is trained, is like a prize-fed ox in comparison with the Scotch stirk leaving its native hills. You may have courage, muscle, bone, strength, science—in fine, all that is necessary to form a consummate pugilist, but if you have not submitted to training, you may as well "whistle jigs to milestones" as *shey* your castor over the P. R. Many a brave fellow, too reckless in his bravery, despising the powers of an antagonist, has not submitted to training—and if he have, to too short a course, and in consequence has yielded the palm of victory easily to an inferior well trained. No boxer that reads what we are saying, should ever forget our words; he should get them by heart and repeat them every night after his prayers. And we admonish all backers never to patronize, and all sporting men never to bet on the man that will not submit to a full regular course of training. The community at large are not sufficiently aware of the importance of training; it regards them, not for the time being, but for the whole of their lives, in a secondary degree.

To be sure, the boxer, the wrestler, the pedestrian, the jockey, the rower, the swimmer, are little or nothing without training, for they have to perform extraordinary feats within a given time; but the mass of mankind who indulge in excesses of every kind, in too much eating, drinking, venery, sleep, sloth, smoking, sitting, &c., would go through the task of life, would discharge their respective duties much better, far quicker, and with vastly greater ease to themselves, did they submit to training. We do not want them to train rigidly like the boxer—their occupations would not permit it—but to imitate this mode of training as far as circumstances will allow. If they did, the doctor's profession would be a poor one, and instead of every third house in our thoroughfare being a chemist's shop, every second one would be a baker's or a butcher's. Quack pills would not be manufactured by machines as thickly as shot in the Waterloo-bridge factory, and instead of British Colleges of Health (by "health" understand "disease"), we should have colleges for all sorts of athletic games and exercises. We should then have as many gymnastic professors as we now have Morrisons. The name of Eady would no longer deface our walls, nor Goss and Co. defile our minds by their disgusting puffing paragraphs. In one word, training is nothing more than a diet and exercise. We read of old, very old men performing feats that the generality of young men dare not think of or attempt, not to say perform; such as a man between seventy and eighty walking, a short time back, from London to Canterbury, a distance of fifty-seven miles! Why was he able to do so? Because, no doubt, his whole life, or the major part of it, was one continued course of training. Depend upon it that man has been a temperate, a sober, nay, a chaste man. Indulgence with women—with too many women (stick to one, and you must according to the passions of man, be chaste), is every bit as bad as indulgence in wine. Indeed, the one leads to the other, and both enfeeble, undermine, and at last prostrate the constitution. Look at the savages of the woods and wilds of North America—see what they used to perform! What feats of strength, agility, pedestrianism, hardihood, miraculous sagacity! How they fought, what courage they had, how they suffered privation, how they toiled night and day—their eyes so keen that they almost possessed the double sense of sight and smell. Their lives, from childhood to old age, were a long, hard course of rigid training. They ate when they were hungry, they drank when they were dry, they were ever watchful, ever exercising [illegible] exposed to all seasons and [illegible] at all times, wind and water had [illegible] for them, they exhibited an absolute command over their passions, and they [illegible] as tough as the ash [illegible] their mountains, agile as the [illegible] forests, and [illegible] as the wild fox [illegible] ted for its [illegible] in their valleys. T[illegible] consumed [illegible] all that nature required [illegible] no more. They at length came in [illegible] with the European—the man of [illegible] civilized society; he pressated [illegible] his effeminating luxuries, and among others ardent spirit, the most baneful of all, and they became, like himself, bloated and weak; they led a life of inglorious ease, and, from having been a nation of warriors, they became tribes of women and slaves. It is in consequence of the mode of life we now lead that our health must be impaired; and the only remedy will be discovered by him who reads the principles of training we are about to lay down.

After having written on training as it affects boxers, pedestrians, &c., we shall write shortly on the subject of DEBILITY and DIET, which relates to us all.

TRAINING AS REGARDS PUGILISTS.

What boxers require to attain by training, is increase of strength, activity, wind, and power to support continued exertion and punishment, or what is well known by the word "bottom." The consciousness of possessing these qualities inspires confidence, and also imparts courage. A question here naturally suggests itself, whether men, who are so liable as pugilists to be called upon for the exhibition of great exertion, ought not invariably to adhere to training, at least in a modified degree? We should unhesitatingly say they ought. A man suddenly put on the training system is like a colt taken up to be broken in. We study his temper, and by degrees accustom him to his altered situation. Training, when compared to the freedom of ordinary life, is privation; for it consists in a course of exercise and regimen particularly adapted for the purpose of gaining additional strength, in order to enable us to undertake and accomplish some unusual feat, as boxing, walking, running, &c., for a prize. It was known to the ancients, who paid considerable attention to the means of augmenting corporeal vigour and activity, and accordingly among the Greeks and Romans, certain rules of diet were prescribed to those who contended for honours in the public arena. Though not knowing in detail the diet in use among the Greeks previously to the solemn contests at the public games, we are assured, that the strictest temperance, sobriety, and regularity in living were observed. Candidates at the time were subjected to daily exercise in the gymnasium for ten months, which with the prescribed regimen, constituted the preparatory course of training adopted by the *athletæ* and wrestlers of ancient Greece. We may here observe that training was less necessary among the Greeks and Romans than with us, because, being military nations, their youth were continually undergoing the severest exercise. Gibbon, the historian, says, that when the Roman troops were encamped, they were, veterans and all, daily exercised as though they were raw recruits, and that their exercising weapons were twice as heavy as those with which they actually fought. One of the greatest taunts to a Roman youth was to say to him, "You cannot swim." The privation of training suddenly enforced would be likely to affect the boxer's mind, his feelings, or his love of pleasure; for, if his whole mind does not go along with his bodily endeavours, vain will be the trainer's care. "Gently does it," is the phrase of the most skilful of our horse-breakers at first going out; and it applies the more forcibly to man, in the ratio, that he possesses more reasoning powers than the horse. The greater its viciousness, the more gentle must be the first steps towards breaking it in; if the boxer have given way to abasing debaucheries, his repugnance to training severely and suddenly will be greater, and less likely to answer the end proposed, than if the new course of living he is about to commence be but a continuation or modification of his former mode of life.

Let the mind be consulted from the first minute; let the trainer talk of nothing but how the victory is to be obtained, and show his man how; lead the soul along, and the body must follow; yet guard him against blind confidence, and tell him of his faults.

A good portion of judgment, then, in the trainer, in discovering and managing his man's temper, is necessary to conducting the important business of training rightly; and the qualifications of the trainer himself well deserve a moment's consideration in this place. He should be intelligent and firm in his manner, divested of prejudices and devoid of vulgar notions on the use (abuse) of medicines; and be open to instruction, and willingly obedient to the rules laid down for his guidance, with power to enforce them. That he is faithful we presume to hope; the backer or his agents or friends must bring into play all their arts to discover this vital fact—this leading move upon the board, around which all the subsequent play is to centre—their bets, stakes, and laying on and hedging off, all rest upon this main point of faithfulness in the trainer. He may even be tempted by some unknown agent to swerve from his duty, if he is not known to be attached to the well doing of his man by some motive more binding than mere payment come to; indeed, he should be placed above bribe, or be himself so closely watched in his movements as to render clear the detection of his unfaithfulness, if any. We blush and feel sorrow whilst we allude to this point which might render nugatory all our labours. The trainer's part is no bed of roses; he must be vigilant night and day; must never quit his man, and his example must accord with his precepts, being equally abstemious with the man he is training, or nearly so. He must report progress with veracity to his backers, his employers, for if he be found falsifying even in trifling matters, he will not be trusted when [illegible] tells truth of importance

A facetious Hoosier paper says "a man in Kentucky smoked so long and hard, that he became red hot, and did not discover the fact until he hissed in an attempt to expectorate."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE RING.

Fights to Come Off.

JULY 4.—Brunt and Sherratt—20*l.* a side, Congleton.
18.—Barry and Wareham:—25*l.* a side, London.
18.—Longmore and Mason—25*l.* a side, Birmingham.
19.—Baker and Daly—25*l.* a side, London.
AUG. 9.—Keefe and Franklin—25*l.* a side, London.
9—Hudson and Sparrow—10*l.* a side, London.
23.—Sims and Parker—25*l.* a side, London.
Day not fixed, Sayers and Langham, 100*l.* a side.
Day not fixed, Jones and an Unknown to be named by Hayes, 300*l.* a side, London.

The Championship.

BROOME AND THE TIPTON SLASHER.—According to Broome's own appointment the Slasher came to London from Dudley Port, and attended at our office at twelve o'clock on Friday, to draw up and sign articles to fight Harry Broome, for 250*l.* a side, in four months. Broome, however, did not put in an appearance. We therefore drew articles in accordance with Broome's expressed desire, and these were signed by the Slasher, who, and we think with reason, expressed great disgust at Broome's conduct in putting him to the expense of travelling to town upwards of 100 miles, and then not keeping his appointment. We think with the Slasher, that Broome never intended fighting him, and that it would have been far better to have said so at once. As he has failed in putting in an appearance at his own time, we presume he has resigned all right to the title of Champion, which is now claimed by the Slasher, who is open to fight any man in the world, for from 200*l.* to 500*l* a side. His money is always ready at Mr. Champion's, Sun Tavern, Grey's Inn-lane.

Sims and Parker.

A match was made on Tuesday last, at Mr. Brunton's, Bell, Red Lion Market, between George Sims and Jem Parker, brother to Con, to fight on the 23d of August, for 25*l.* a side, within fifty miles of London. They are confined to 10st 7lb.

Hayes and Grant.

These men have staked 5*l.* a side for a fresh match, for £200 a side, to come off in two months, at 10st 2lb. They were to meet on Friday night at Mr. Chandler's, Prince and Princess, Gravel-lane, Southwark, to draw up articles and increase the deposit.

Longmore and Mason.

A match has been made between Richard Longmore and John Mason to fight, for 25*l.* a side, within 20 miles of Birmingham, on the 18th inst. 15*l.* a side have been received by the final stakeholder. The next deposit, of 5*l.* a side, is to be made at Coate's, at Birmingham, to morrow evening.

Keefe and Franklin.

These men were matched at Mr. Vassar's on Tuesday last, to fight at 9st 4lb, for 25*l.* a side, on the 9th of August, on the home circuit; 5*l.* a side was staked, and they met to make a further deposit of 2*l.* 10s a side at Mr. Abbot's, Coach and Horses, Chelsea, on the 7th inst.

Hudson and Sparrow.

A match was made on Tuesday night, at Mr. Coker's, Weavers' Arms, Edward-street, Kingsland-road, between Thomas Hudson and Alexander Sparrow, to fight for 10*l.* a side, at 9st 2lb, on the 9th of August, in the London district.

Sayers and Langham.

These men have staked 10*l.* a side in the hands of Jem Burn, and are to meet at the Rising Sun, Air street, on Tuesday next, to stake an additional 10*l.* a side, and the articles, to fight for a 100*l.* a side.

Bell's Life

YACHTING

Royal Thames Yacht Club.

The [illegible] match of the distinguished for the season of 1853 took place on Thursday, June 30, and if it did not prove interesting or exciting, no [illegible] attributed to the club, which did its best to induce yachts to [illegible] offered five prizes, amounting [illegible] vessels above 15 tons; and [illegible] to 40*l.* to vessels under 15 [illegible] grand total of 100*l.*, an [illegible] believe, no club ever before [illegible] in one day. Only six [illegible] entered for the first class, [illegible] second; and consequently [illegible] rules of the match, the [illegible] 40*l.* and 30*l.* were [illegible] and two of 30*l.* and [illegible] and of the vessels [illegible] Margaret, Fleur de Lis [illegible] did not start. Which [illegible] former to withdraw [illegible] the leeing wind [illegible] given them an unfair [illegible] Fleur de Lis and [illegible] she Margaret was [illegible] under weigh just before [illegible]

Courier

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

HOME MATTERS.

The Match between Yankee Sullivan and John Morrissey.

The announcement we made last week that a match had been made between these two pugilists, created a great excitement about town, and many individuals seemed to doubt the truth of our report, but on visiting the Sporting Houses about town, the fact was fully substantiated.

The house of Sullivan, in Chatham street, had an extra number of visiters to inquire into the particulars, and ascertain the origin of the match.

Some persons seem to doubt that the battle will take place, thinking that one of the parties will pay the forfeit, but numerous bets having been made to that effect, and the eagerness with which they have been taken up, seems to set the matter at rest, and render the contemplated mill a certainty.

Nothing further, in the way of preliminary arrangements, have been agreed upon since our last, but as soon as the parties and their backers come to a final determination, as to the full arrangements, we will give the facts to the public.

In the mean time, we refer the readers of the CLIPPER to the article in another part of the paper, on the subject of training. The rules are the same as generally adopted in this country as well as England.

SECOND MATCH BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND TACONY, UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

TUESDAY, JULY 19.—The trotting match between Flora Temple and Tacony, 2 miles and repeat, in harness, for a purse of $1,000, came off on Tuesday, and was witnessed by a large concourse of spectators. Flora Temple won the first heats, and of course carried off the purse. The first heat was made in 4:59, but the second heat Flora had it all her own way, and came in a winner without any exertion, Tacony being in fact "no where."

The match last week between these tretters resulted in favor of Tacony, but the knowing ones who had lost money on the first race, had their "eyes open tight," and determined to make up their losses, which they did, with a considerable surplus over. One gentleman who lost $5,000 on the match last week, won $10,000 on Tuesday, and so it was with many others. A large amount of money changed hands.

Regatta at Hoboken.

According to announcement, a regatta, composed of yachts belonging to New York and vicinity, came off yesterday. Seven [illegible]s entered. The distance sailed was to Bedlow's Island, and repeat. The prizes, three in number, were $50, $10, and $5. The following boats entered, viz :

Naomi,	Gypsey,
Greenville,	White Pigeon,
Captain, —	C. V. Clickner,

Sherwood.

They all got fairly under weigh, and after performing the distance named, came in as follows :

1. Sherwood awarded the prize of $50
2. Greenville " " $10
3. White Pigeon " " $5
4. C. V. Clickner
5. Gypsey, this boat met with an accident in the breaking of her boom.
6. Naomi.

Another Match.

The Greenville and Gypsey sail a match on Friday, at 2 o'clock, for $50.

[illegible]E UNION BOAT CLUB REGATTA.

This regatta, which came off on Saturday last, was participated in by nine boats. The [illegible]oble was won by John E. Hunt, sailed by Messrs. M'Laughlin and Bigelow.

ANOTHER YACHT.

The Yacht Mystery, of Salem, has been purchased by Chas. A. Stetson, and sailed for New York on Saturday last

ANNUAL REGATTA ON THE SKANEATELES LAKE.—The Skaneateles Boat Club would announce that their annual regatta will come off on the Skaneateles lake on the 4th of August next, at one o'clock, P.M. The regatta is open to all boats in the State, of not more than twenty-five feet in length: the usual sailing conditions being observed. The first prize, $50: the second, [illegible]: the third, $20, payable in medals or their equivalent in coin, at the option of the successful party. By order of the Club.

[illegible]al Wales, Onondago Co., N.Y., July 5, 1853.

[illegible]at Club of Ireland.

[illegible] duty to announce this [illegible] Maurice O'Connell, Esq. [illegible]e of the Royal Western [illegible] Ireland. The sad event [illegible], th[illegible]uddenly at the lamented [illegible]aders of this ya[illegible]e in London, at mid[illegible]rs ago. Maurice [illegible] 19th inst. One of the [illegible]od, had been an o[illegible]t club six-and-twenty [illegible] of its most [illegible]dent [illegible]Connel, during that [illegible]er of the club, and [illegible]d active upholders.

Washington Mo[illegible]ument Fund.

[illegible]isitors to the Worl[illegible] [illegible]get to add their mit[illegible]ument Fund. A[illegible]d's Fair should not [illegible]e to receive contri[illegible]e to the Washington [illegible]onation [illegible]ox is placed [illegible]butions.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JULY 23, 1853.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor. | FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

Wholesale Agents

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
S. HALLOCK, 150 Fulton Street.
DEXTER & BROTHER, 43 Ann St.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.

☞ Either of the above Agents are prepared to supply orders for the Clipper, from city or country, in large or small quantities.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

A Weekly Sporting Paper,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

The CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, viz., 6 cents per line for the first insertion, and 4 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. The CLIPPER will afford a desirable medium for the circulation of sporting and other advertisements, as its immense patronage secures its perusal by 50,000 readers.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us.

Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

TERMS OF THE CLIPPER.

THREE CENTS a single copy.
ONE DOLLAR & FIFTY CENTS a year.
FOUR COPIES will be sent to one address one year for **FIVE DOLLARS,** or a larger number in the same proportion; in all cases in advance.

☞ Our article on Training for the Ring will be continued next week.

THE SKIPPER'S CABIN.

A TALK WITH OUR FRIENDS—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

With this number, we enlarge the CLIPPER, and raise the price to 3 cents per copy. An article in another column defines our position. Read it.

* * * * * *

Reminiscences of New York.—The sketches we published from week to week in the CLIPPER, have proved so deeply interesting to our readers that we have concluded to continue them. This week we will take a walk down to the general Post Office, at Nassau and Liberty streets. In olden times, the old Dutch church, now the Post-office, was used by the British, then in possession of New York city, as a prison. The pews were all gutted out and used as fuel. Three thousand Americans were imprisoned in this church, and the '*dead cart*' used to take away every morning, six or eight of those who had died. The British afterwards used this same place for the exercise of their cavalry, making them leap over raised windlasses, &c., &c., they also picketed their men here, as a punishment, making them bear their own weight on their toe on a sharp goad. An old building, adjoining the church, was filled with American prisoners, taken at Long Island; there they suffered much, being kept in an almost starved condition. This starving proceeded from different motives, they wished to break the spirit of the prisoners, and to cause their desertion, or to make the war unwelcome to their friends at home. In some instances, the wounded came crawling to the openings in the wall, and begged for a cup of water, which was denied them. What a change the scene presents now where thousands of Americans were prisoners, dying for want, all is now life and activity, a noble example of perseverance under difficulties, and a successful result of American enterprise.

* * * * * *

Getting Soaked.—While taking shelter under an open-worked awning in Broadway, from the heavy shower that was pouring down during the progress of the procession in honor of the visit of the President, we observed a party of the b'hoys, one of whom said to the others, "let's go back to the hotel, we'll get soaked here."

"I'm afraid," replied another, "that we'll get *worse soaked there!*"

* * * * * *

A Lovely Epistle.—The following tender 'morsel' is the very spirit of love. Who! R Who! can read the touching lines without a 'smile?'

JEAMES' SONG.

When moonlight o'er the azure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breeze
Bend down the Lily's bell;
When calm and deep, the rosy sleep
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline! R lady mine:
Dost thou remember Jeames?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where New York's loveliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is lovely Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?

Away! I may not tell thee hall
This soughring heart endures—
There is a lonely sperrit-call
That sorrow never cures;
There is a little, little star,
That still above me beams:
It is the star of hope—but R!
Dost thou remember Jeames?

* * * * * *

An Inquisitive Fellow.—A correspondent wishes to know if President Pierce returned the umbrella he borrowed on the day of his reception. We never meddle with matters that don't concern us. Ask some of the Sunday papers.

* * * * * *

Highfalutin Talk.—The following is a copy of a love letter sent to Molly May, by Ike Jones. Ike gave us permission to insert it in our columns simultaneously with its reception by Molly. It is a precious document.

Olive, April 1, 1853.

Most transcendant and egregrious Miss:

Would that my pen were picked from the wings of an angel, then dipped in the dyes of a rainbow, then might I expect to paint the burning brightness which thy thrilling eloquence has enkindled: thou sunbeam of sentiment, soft moonbeam of modesty; thy voice is as gentle as the first stirring of an infant's dream; thy step light as the silken footed zephyrs which fanned with the new born paradise; thine eyes are two brilliants stolen from a dazzling crown, thy lips are like riven rosebuds moistened by the honey dew of affection, thy teeth are like snow-flakes set in a bed of verbena, thy words are like drops of amber, sweet spirit of camphor, double essence of homepethy, sour krout of my hopes, souse of my thoughts, buttermilk catsup of my fancy, tiger lilly of man's innocence, logwood of perfection, thou art the julip of my dreams, ginger pop of my waking visions, and cherry bounce and Adam's Ale of my recollection, thou art as harmless as a tiger, handsome as an elephant, melodious as a lion, meek as a hyena, bright as the struggling ray of shivering, sneezing sunlight passing the mortal cracks of a barn loft, or a greased streak of blue lightning churned to consistency in the milky-whey, and peppered with a shower of turnip tops, comets and Perceonroots from the crust of eternity, thou onion of my soul, pickled pumpkin of my hope, preserved crab of the garden Hesperide; thy glance is as melting as old butter in summer time, thou art a drop of water from the cup of the gods of the juice of a rotten pine apple.

Yours, in the bonds of love,

IKE JONES.

To Molly May.

* * * * * *

School's Out.—A boy being kept at home to "run arrans" for his mother, presented the schoolmaster with the following note next day:

"*Keptathometogoatraterin.*"

* * * * * *

School's In.—Teacher—What's this?

Boy.—A frying-pan.

Teacher.—What use does your mother make of it?

Boy.—She sometimes beats father about the head with it.

* * * * * *

Very Affectionate.—A county exchange says that Judge ——— lately sentenced a burglar to two years' imprisonment, in a most *affectionate manner!*

Another Solomon.

A *weakly* paper says, "a stage takes up a great number of passengers on its way."

That the entire community may obtain the above information, we give it the benefit of our circulation. Solomon does not say whether or not the stage "takes 'em down."

Caught Him!

An editor commenting on the poor reception Mrs. Stowe met with at Paris, says, "come home, Mrs. H. B. S., and we will generously offer you extensive apartments in the *lunatic asylum.*

We knew the authorities were on the look out for the *crazy editor* who made the above offer, but we had no idea that he had been *caged* already. It was a *bitter* deed.

The American Deer.

We have not yet received the account of the race for the Championship of England. Frost, the present champion, and Jackson, the American Deer, were the parties to run.

She Deserves it.

A young lady in Albany, who recently rescued a child from a wagon with which a horse had run away, is to be presented with a husband and a *babe of her own!*

Our Plebeian Theatres.

He who stabs in the dark
Is worse than a thief.

An anonymous writer in the *Tribune* of Saturday last, treated the readers of that journal to a long article on the subject of cheap theatres, &c., wherein he made assertions which he *knew*, whilst penning the article, to be utterly false. A writer who has not the manliness or courage to give name, is hardly worth the notice of any honorable person, but as the writer aforesaid, in his abuse of certain cheap places of amusements in our city, has been endorsed by the proprietors of the *Tribune*, our readers will pardon us for the few remarks we have to make.

The Bowery, the National, and the St. Charles Theatres are the theatres at which are hurled the malicious shafts of the aforesaid writer's debauched and corrupted mind, and the Bowery seems to have given him the greatest cause for opposition. We suppose this writer to be one of those kind of gentry whose sole delight is sensuality and the ruin of virgin innocence. Let us make a few comparisons for the writer's benefit. He says—

"The "boxers' of the Bowery and the National have a semi-sensual look; the 'ladies' are either ignorant servant girls, or *those who live by selling their desires.*"

This is a broad assertion, and the truth of which the writer should have been positive of before making. We have attended for a number of years the different theatres in this city, and we can truthfully say, that we have seen more respectable people in the boxes of the three theatres alluded to than in either Niblo's, Wallack's, the Broadway, Astor Place Opera House, or Castle Garden. It is true that disreputable characters frequent the three theatres beforementioned, but they have a certain portion of the house allotted them, where they must confine their operations. With the exception of the Broadway, this is not the case at the other places. Women of pleasure who walk Broadway during the day, dressed in all the luxuriousness of fashion, take their seats in the boxes of the *fashionable* theatres side byside, with the wife of the millionaire, or the statesman. Innocent young girls, daughters of respectable citizens are brought in contact with the frail sisterhood, oftentimes becoming listeners to language which at any other place would have shocked their maiden modesty, and made them shrink from the presence of those "so foul and yet so fair." Who ever saw the female visitors of the Bowery or the National take such delight in showing their persons as the female visitors at the fashionable theatres or Opera Houses? No one. At the opera, the aristocracy, codfish and all other kinds, see which can outdo the other in the display of their charms, "making bare their bosoms," and endeavoring by studied attitude to attract attention to their fair and virgin charms. Eye-glasses are brought into requisition by lecherous old and young men to feast their passions with the beautiful and tempting sight.

These are the ways of doing things at the fashionable theatres and opera houses. How different to the other theatres. The poorer classes of society, after the toils of the day, seek a little amusement by attending the cheap theatres in the evening. The females are decently attired; no display of naked bosoms no obscene remarks; no associating with vice dressed up in silks and satins. All is simple and unostentatious adornment; modesty, uncontaminated by the proximity of debauchery, and a love of virtue unknown to the fashionable world.

Here is another little item from the *Tribune* writer. He says—

"At the Plebeian Theatres, harlots and scoundrels are manufactured at the shortest possible notice."

And in connection with the above sentence, he says—

"*I* have assiduously attended these three theatres for the last nine months."

He was a fitteacher, no doubt, though his operation was confined to the upper circle exclusively.

The *Tribune* writer deals largely in vulgar slang about the actresses and actors of the plebeian theatres, but as his communication is a tissue of lies from beginning to end, we will not trouble our readers by noticing his remarks further.

That the *Tribune* writer is a man of truth *all* will *deny*, but that he is one accustomed to the grossest immorality and lustful desires, his writings prove. He talks like one who was born on the "Hook," raised on the "Points," and graduated on "Blackwell's Island." Those who endorse his sentiments are fit companions for such as his writings prove him to be.

It is our opinion that the writer of the communication referred to is a person who was until a short time since engaged at the Bowery Theatre, and it may doubtless be that the article was written from motives of revenge, for supposed wrongs done him by dismissing him from the establishment above mentioned. If this surmise should prove correct, it shows a mean and contemptible spirit, and we hope the manager will inquire into the matter, and institute proceedings against the author for such wholesale calumnies upon a worthy and respectable portion of the community. The management owe this duty to themselves as well as to their patrons, and should see to it in time.

Mr. Stephens read the article to the audience at the Bowery Theatre on Saturday evening, and great excitement was created in consequence.

We claim the indulgence of our readers for the space we occupy with our remarks, but as we believe those remarks will be read with interest by a numerous class of citizens, perhaps the space could not be better occupied.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Opera.

The present opera season opened under good auspices, Castle Garden on the first night being pretty well filled. Since then, with the exception of the night on which the President and suite visited the Garden, the audiences have not been so large. The singing of Sontag has not been what it once was, nor will all the paid criticisms be able to convince the public that she is *the* prima donna. Her days of superiority have passed, and though she may still be enabled to get through the task assigned her, yet she will fail to create any great *furore* as a great singer. Steffanone has, if anything, improved since we last had the pleasure of listening to her, and in her performance of Norma, those who were present were regaled with a musical repast not often furnished in this city. Amalia Patti, (now Mad. Strakosch) who is at all times a great favorite with the New York opera goers, has also improved since she last appeared here, and ably did she render her part of Adalgisa. Salvi is fast losing ground—his acting is tame, and his vocalization has lost that sweet and silvery sound, which in former days held his audience spell-bound with delight. Making candles is not his *forte*, and whilst he persists in the manufacture of these shining lights, he cannot expect to be a shining light himself. Drop it.

Beneventano "is still the same" punctual, earnest, and attentive actor, and has lost none of that great volume of sound which his hearers always delight in listening to.

The other portion of the company get along as well as can be expected under the circumstances, though what these circumstances are, none can tell.

Those persons wishing correct books of the opera, had better purchase Corbyn's edition, which is perfect in every department. All others are mutilated and imperfect.

Wood's Minstrels.

Wood's Minstrels continue to receive the approbation of large and fashionable audiences, at 144 Broadway. As musicians, in the full acceptation of the word, the gentlemen attached to this company are superior to any other company in this city; and as delineators of negro eccentricities, they are beyond compare. *Horn*, who has been rusticating for a short time, is back again. Since his absence, numerous have been the inquiries, "whither goeth the perthen?" This week he will answer for himself with a blast.

Chrystie's Minstrels.

George Chrystie, the general favorite, has not been able to attend to his duties for some time in consequence of a severe spell of sickness. A report became current last week that he was dead, but this, we are happy to say, is not so, as he has recovered sufficiently to be able to recruit himself by a "trip to Bath," where he is now sojourning.

Buckley's Serenaders.

This company, originally styled the New Orleans Opera troupe, "are with us once again," after a successful visit to the "Land of Gold." To judge by the large audiences that nightly greet them, New York must prove to them a "land of gold" also.

Franklin's Museum.

Lea's company has been doing a profitable business, for the entertainments offered are of so varied a character as to meet all tastes. This is one of the sights of New York, and strangers make it one of their stopping places.

THEATRES.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—Mr. Barney Williams and his talented wife have been re-engaged at this house, where their success, considering the season, has been quite flattering. As a "Yankee Gal," Mrs. Williams has no superior.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The engagement of the giant terminated last week, and on Monday night the house was well filled to witness the play of the Robbers. Tuesday evening, the benefit of John Winans came off, when the theatre was crowded. Numerous volunteers assisted in the entertainments, which passed off remarkably well.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Now that the Uncle Tom Cabin excitement has died away throughout the land, Captain Purdy has revived the play of the same name at his theatre, and thus far it has helped to fill the treasury. We have not seen the piece, and cannot speak of its merits.

ST. CHARLES.—Closed, and lease offered for sale.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—English Opera and the Ravel Family on alternate nights.

THE ASTOR PLACE OPERA HOUSE is to be taken down during the fall, proposals for that purpose having been advertised for.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are playing an engagement at the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mowatt is lying seriously indisposed at Boston

Mr. Eddy, we understand, will not form one of the Bowery company during the next season. It is rumored that Mr. Goodall will take his place. We merely give this as rumor.

Mr. Thomas Placide is in town.

The opera of the Bohemian Girl has been revived, with Frazer, in his original character of Thaddeus.

The Germanians are at Newport.

The opposition between Burton's and Wallack's theatres the next season promises to be quite spirited, the managers exerting themselves to procure the best talent available, both in this city and Europe. Both theatres will open early in September.

Mr. John Brougham is quite a favorite with the Philadelphians. He has just concluded an engagement at the Chesnut-street Theatre, where he met with good success.

Harper's Magazine.

Opposition among the Retailers.

There appears to be at present, and we understand there has been for some time past, a great deal of opposition among book and periodical dealers, in the sale of Harpers' Magazine. Some of them have been foolish enough to offer the magazine to customers or others at 15 cents per copy, the exact wholesale price charged by the Harpers' to the trade. Now why is this? No one can afford to sell the work for 15 cents, and live by it, if the said work is honestly bought and paid for. Some dealers may possibly make a small per centage by buying a thousand copies at once, but otherwise to make anything by selling the work at 15 cents, without intending to defraud those from whom they purchase, it is impossible. The Harpers', if they wish the character and standing of their magazine to continue as it has heretofore, should either make the work a 15 cent book, or otherwise refuse selling it to those persons who wish to take the bread out of the mouths of others, by bringing capital to bear, and thus underselling them. Honorable competition is at all times the life of trade, but when dishonesty and selfish motives enter into competition, for the purpose of ruining others, those who have the power should crush all such unfair transactions, and for this reason we think the Messrs. Harper should intercede for the sake of their own character, if not for the protection of the retail trade. The magazine is marked on the cover, price 25 cents; this is on its very face a glaring falsehood, and the Harpers are privy to this falsehood if they allow a few unprincipled men to sell the work at 15 cents, while the regular price is 25 cents. If this thing is suffered to continue, the trade should refuse to sell the work at any price, and thus perhaps the evil would work its own cure, and cause the Harpers to save themselves by helping others. Let periodical dealers think of this matter—if they knew their own power, we think they could assist themselves greatly. Why not form an association for their own protection? Try it.

Extraordinary Wager.

A party of reporters made a wager with us a few days since, that we could not make a "good joke" inside of 24 hours.

We commenced on Tuesday night at 10 o'clock, and at 6 o'clock the following evening had "invented" the following:

"Why are porters and reporters alike?

Because they all puff and blow for a living!"

It is needless to add that we composed the above "good thing," all alone, by ourself, totally unassisted, and no one near us except the committee appointed to see that all was done "on the square."

New Haven Firemen's Celebration.

Trial of Southwark Engine.

The grand trial of fire engines to take place this week at New Haven, promises to be very exciting. Southwark Engine Co. made a trial of their engine on Monday evening, in William street, in front of the North Dutch Church. The engine threw a stream of water from the church up William street a distance of 176 feet, and also nearly to the top of the steeple, a distance of about 150 feet from the ground, in a nearly perpendicular direction, with one length of hose. When the Southwark was in Philadelphia, she did better than this, and we hope on the day of trial the members will work with a will, and keep up the good name of "Old Southwark." We bet our pile on her.

Is it so?

We understand that the young woman injured at the Hippodrome a few nights since, died on Monday. Who will be the next martyr at the Hippodrome? These deaths are suffered to pass unnoticed by the authorities, whose duty it is to enquire into these things.

That Presidential Shower.

During the procession last week, the *President of the United States* and the *Editor of the New-York Clipper*, were unfortunately caught in that heavy shower of rain, and had it not been for the kindness of some gentlemen on Broadway who loaned the President an *umbrella* and raised an *awning* over the Editor, both of us would have been drenched to the skin. It was an interesting sight to witness a *President* and a *Queen* walking along Broadway together. It was a sight seen but once

Jealousy—Imitators.

It is useless for others to attempt an imitation of an article, when it is so well known that the real thing itself can be purchased at a cheaper rate than the counterfeit article. So it is with the beautiful daguerrian hats of Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham street, and at the corner of Chatham and Pearl streets. Since the introduction by this firm of daguerreotype likenesses of purchasers in their hats, the increase in their business has been surprising, and this has caused a spirit of jealousy in other hatters, and all sorts of imitations have been resorted to by those to deceive the public, but all to no purpose, as it is well known that no other hatters, but Rafferty & Leask, have the privilege of inserting daguerreotype likenesses in hats, as a patent has been applied for by them, which secures them against all imitations. Success cannot fail to follow enterprise.

Must hang.

In these days, when capital punishment is so frequently resorted to, for the prevention of crime in the highest grade, it is a source of gratification to know the Mexican Mustang is all that is necessary for the cure of some of the worst ills that flesh is heir to. Read elsewhere and satisfy yourselves.

THE CLIPPER—ENLARGED.

The Sporting Journal of New York.

After three months endeavor to make a paper suited to the wants of a large portion of the citizens of New York, we think we may safely say we have succeeded. The smallness of the sheet, however, was one drawback to our enterprise, as the want of room compelled us to omit much rich sporting matter, or to curtail it to such an extent as to render it less attractive to the reader, and mortifying to ourselves. To obviate this difficulty, we have enlarged our paper to a good size, and will now be able to give still greater satisfaction to a large and constantly increasing number of patrons, whose aid has tended to place the Clipper in the rank it now holds with the weekly journals of New York. The increase in the price was necessary to enable us to meet the extra expense attendant upon the enlargement, and to employ additional reporters in the news department. The Clipper will now be enabled to keep the public advised of all movements transpiring in the Sporting and Theatrical world, and we would advise all to commence their subscriptions with the present number.

How it was done.

Though the bone and sinew of the country contributed to make the various articles on exhibition at the Crystal Palace, yet they were denied the privilege of being present at the inauguration. To deny the mechanic, the laborer, and other classes of working men this privilege, without giving any direct offence to them, required some nice manœuvring, but the directors promised to have it all right, and the aristocracy and great men were told to have no fear of being brought in contact with the "dirty shirt" party. How were they to be kept out? This was the question, but it was soon answered. *Touch the pockets of the bone and sinew*, said the directors, *and not one can enter!* This was the most simple, and yet the most effectual plan, for keeping the doors of the Industrial Exhibition closed against the industrial classes, those classes whose works are now the admiration of the gazing multitude. The price of admittance was fixed at $10, a workman's wages for his week's labor. Of course he could not afford to pay that price to witness the opening ceremonies, and so his case was settled without any trouble. But the *little great men*, the *aristocracy*, who never mention the word Industry, or are in any way connected with it, could easily procure admittance by the presentation of $10, and thus, with but few exceptions, these were the men who were invited to witness the Inauguration of the Crystal Palace for the Exhibition of the Industry of all nations. It was only another way in which to follow out the English plan of classifying the people. Foreign manners will creep in upon our Republican *simplicity*, notwithstanding our watchfulness. The Directors of the American World's Fair Exhibition *are not all Americans*, and it is not surprising that foreign suggestions should meet with most success.

Hose Carriage at the World's Fair.

The beautiful hose carriage No. 8, will present a fine appearance at the World's Fair, and in connection with the Hope and Neptune hose carriages of Philadelphia, two of the most costly carriages ever built, will form an attraction well worthy the admiration of citizens and strangers. No. 8 will do credit to the Fire department of New York, while the Hope and Nep. of Philadelphia will well represent the department of the latter city.

More Sport on the River!

There was another steamboat explosion on the Hudson river last week, by which a number of people lost their lives, and others were dreadfully injured. This kind of business may be fun for steamboat men, *but we* think the people have had enough of it. Fun is fun, but too much of it *is* worse than none. Those careful steamboat inspectors are entitled to the thanks of the community for the manner they perform their duties.

OUR COURTS.

The Sessions.

Sentence Day.— This being sentence day the court-room was pretty well filled with criminals and their friends. The Judge was at the bench, and looked very fierce.

The first criminal called up was Johnny Dusendinger.

Judge.—Dusendinger, you have been convicted of assault and battery, with intent to kill, a crime which deserves and shall receive a heavy penalty. Dusendinger, you have been tried by a jury of your own countrymen, the best lawyer Centre-street affords was assigned to conduct your case, and faithfully has he discharged his duty; his services cost you nothing, and yet you have been convicted. Dusendinger, your crime is an appalling one. At the dead hour of day, while the bakers throughout the city were passing the time in solemn slumber, you, like a thief in the dark, stealthily entered the well-filled store of a bread baker—you were hungry yet dared to steal; you thought no eye was upon you, that you could appease your hunger with a four-cent loaf of bread at the expense of that poor baker; but there *was* one eye upon you—that vigilant officer, Tommy Johnson, who is ever on the alert for such as you, witnessed your actions—he saw you reach forth your hand and clutch that loaf of bread; he saw you ravenously and greedily bite piece by piece from it, and when you endeavored to escape with the remains of that loaf of bread, he sprang upon you, he seized you by the throat, you resisted him, he struck you with his club, you raised your hand against that man, and but for the arrival of another officer, perhaps you would have been on trial for the crime of murder. The loaf of bread was found upon you, and brought as evidence against you; the mouthful you were forced to disgorge by the tight grasp of the officer upon your throat, has also been produced against you, furnishing evidence "as strong as proofs of holy writ," that you were doubly guilty of robbery, and attempt to kill. To make an example of you the sentence of this court, is, that you be imprisoned at hard labor for the period of *five years*, and I hope when you return from your imprisonment you will be a wiser and a better man.

James Colhosey was next called up for sentence.

Judge.—Colhosey, what have you to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Counsel for Colhosey.—Your honor I desire to say a few words for my client.

Judge.—Go on, we'll hear you.

Counsel.—Your honor, I deny the right of this court as it now exists, to sentence my client. You can't do it. The same court that tried him, must sentence him; yourself and two assistants formed that court—where are your assistants now? They are not present, and according to Gunter, it would be a legal murder to pass sentence upon my client at this time.

Judge.—The same court that tried your client also tried Dusendinger, whom I have just sentenced. That sentence was just—can you deny that?

Counsel.—That was a different case entirely, my client is a gentleman, while Dusendinger was a miserable beggar—the cases are widely different, and according to Pike, Gunter, and a host of other authorities, I assert that it is contrary to all law for your honor to pass sentence.

Judge.—Well, we'll postpone the sentence for the present, perhaps you are right. Call up the next case.

Jimmy Wilson was then called up, and all eyes were at once fixed upon Jimmy.

Judge.—Jimmy Wilson, I know you; after a very impartial trial you were convicted last term for making a muss. Have you anything to say?

Jimmy.—I did'nt do it, and even if I did, you can't sentence me any more than you can Colhosey—we was both tried that term. It's against the law, and you can't sentence me.

Judge.—Jimmy, you don't know anything about law, so its no use for you to argue with me, and say what I can't do. I tell you I can do it, and will do it. The sentence of the court, is, that you be confined at hard labor for two years.

The other cases were disposed of in a similar manner, and the court adjourned.

THE METROPOLITAN DINNER.

The Sunday Press Neglected.

It is with feelings of pain and mortification we announce to the public, that the Sunday Press was not invited to the grand dinner, given by the Directors of the Crystal Palace to the President of the United States and other dignataries, last week. This terrible and unexpected blow to those who had fasted so long for the express purpose of preparing themselves for the feast of fat things, will be felt by them when the Crystal Palace shall cease to be. Why was this neglect? The Sunday papers generally have puffed up the Palace and its directors to the full worth of a dinner, and why they should have been omitted from the free list, is entirely beyond our comprehension. What makes the matter worse, even the aldermen were invited, those very men whom the Sunday papers have denounced as having been bribed time and again; even *they* had their dinner, while the Sunday press had none. The thing looks bad in every light we may look at it, and puzzles us amazingly. The Sunday press without its dinner, indeed! Let the directors of the Palace look out for more puffs, over the left. No dinner.

"Muskeeters."

Nothing is more apt to make a man (or woman either) lose his patience on a warm summer night, than the buz, buz, buz, of the tormenting musquito. You find yourself endeavoring to entice sweet sleep to your eyelids, but it is all in vain, you can't do it while you have a body guard of torturing reptiles about you, every now and then one of them giving you a whack right on the face, digging his probocis into your tender flesh, and drawing the "first blood," as the fighting men call it. Who ever knew a musquito to engage in a fair fight? They won't do it—you can't get them to come up to the "scratch" at the same time you do—if you square off at them, they go to their holes to avoid punishment, and to await such time as you may be wearied with watching. We once got a bed-bug and a musquito in a room together, and made a match to fight them both, if they would only fight fair—the first thing we knew the musquito was buzzing over our head, and while we were looking up for him, with mouth and eyes wide open, the bug dropped suddenly into our mouth from the ceiling, and thus won the fight. We have dreaded these blood-suckers from that time to the present.

Complimentary.

The speech of Mr. Sedgwick, at "that dinner," in which he alluded to the "press," will create him more enemies than he was aware of. In the course of his remarks, he said that he was "*delighted to take that occasion to proclaim that there was not one single dollar of blackmail sought to be levied by the American press!*" This was intimating that it was a customary thing with the press, and that *that occasion* was an exception. What an exposition in the presence of the Chief Magistrate and other prominent men of the nation, who probably would not have had any idea of the system pursued by the free and independent press of New York, but for this hint given by Mr. Sedgwick. How *could* he do it on *that occasion!* Better had he been born a dog, than to have made that speech! It was worse than not inviting the Sunday press to dinner. Look out for squalls. Blackmail!

Here they are.

The following outlandish advertisements are taken from the daily papers. Here is the first one:

H. G AND B—MY FUNDS ARE GETTING decidedly "low." Please call or write as soon as convenient at the place you last saw me, and oblige—you know who.

Ah! ha! Here's a notice for some people to step up to the Captain's office and settle that little bill. Somebody has got somebody else in a tight place.

Here's No. 2:

IF THE GENTLEMAN WHO WAS THROWN A slip of paper with two verses of poetry tied within, and who must have misunderstood the meaning of the words over them, will return an answer in the same manner, he will receive a full explanation.

That can't be intended for President Pierce, can it? He received a slip of paper with two verses of poetry, and must have understood the meaning. No dodging, whoever it is—walk up to the scratch.

Here's one about "Buzzards," of whom we know nothing, but suppose them to be a society of the cod-fish aristocracy.

THE "BUZZARDS" BOTH MALE AND FEMALE were well represented at the Opera at Castle Garden, on Wednesday evening, July 13. Unfortunately no "fees" were collected.

Here's No. 4—something new:

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1853.—THE GENtleman who found a five dollar bill at the bar of the City Hotel will confer a favor by calling at the same bar, where he will be rewarded for his trouble.

There's a new kick, altogether, rewarding a person for finding a five dollar bill. Why there's plenty of folks who wouldn't consider it any trouble to find a five dollar bill. That advertiser is *too* clever.

No. 5 is all about a mistake on the part of a gentleman who was too ready in forming an unfavorable opinion about a boarding-house keeper—a class of people much abused in this ungrateful city.

IF THE GENTLEMAN THAT CALLED AT FIFty-second street, near Tenth avenue, in respect to board for children, but did not alight from the carriage, will call at 117½ Grand Street, corner of Broadway, the unfavorable opinion formed by him will be removed, as the advertiser will satisfy him of the respectability, &c., of the American widow who wished to board the children of two young ladies.

Curious documents, aint they—what a multitude of sins some of them doubtless relate to.

Training for the Ring.

We invite attention to the article in another part of the Clipper, on the subject of training. It will well repay perusal.

Great Demand.

Notwithstanding the large edition we published last week, we found ourselves unable to supply the extraordinary demand for the Clipper. Secure a copy early this week.

(For the Clipper.)

Tong hook Tong.

A Chinese Ditty.

Hokee pokee winkee wung,
I belong to Tonk-hook-tong,
Fee and faw and fo and fum,
There 's nothing like Jamaica Rum

Billy bo peep Columbi cum,
We all will have to cut and run;
Before shall rise another sun,
I'm bound to have some more Mean Fun

One-ery two-ery-hickory an,
We' ll try to do the best we can,
Eanty, meanty, kunety-korn,
Show me the place where I was born.

Thirty days hath September,
As near as I can now remember,
Of all the sights I ever saw,
There's nothing like the liquor law.

Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle me right,
I like to got into a fight,
Tungery, wungery, gingery-rung,
This is the song of Tong-hook-tong.

Talk on Change.

Mose was on the board to-day; so was Jakeyand Sikesy,and Dutchy, and all the old crowd. There was something to be seen to, and something to be done, when these famous merchants attended the board.

Mose spoke as follows. Look here, fellers, I don't want to make no muss about narthin, but this here pilin so many strangers into a fellers boardin house aint no fair shake no how. I went to go to bed last night, when I be d—d if there wasnt two fellers into my bed, and they both had their boots on. I couldn't help it, so I pitched into 'em, and pitched 'em out—the old woman said we'd have to lay spoon-fashion, for they done that way at all the boardin' houses now, and she couldn't afford to let me have a bed to myself. I told them ere fellers if I cotch 'em in my bed agin I'd lam 'em wus than they ever was lam'd afore. They did'nt come back agin to my bed, ye'd better believe it. The vittils is'nt like they used to be afore this show opened. I aint seen a bean nigh onto a week now, and the old woman says butter's gittin so dear that she can't afford to put it onto the table much longer. It's all owin to this here pallis, and I think somethin ought to be done. What d'ye say Jakey.

Well, says Jakey, I kill's for Keyser, and he says we can't afford to eat meat at our house any more, for he can sell it all, spiled or not. Boardin house women, and they're the devil on buyin spiled meat, have bespoke all the boss can rake up for the next six months.

Dutchy said "nuttin ish so coot as der polloner mit his shacket off, so nuttin ish so coot as der lager beer mit their pretzel. It ish too mosh trubble to live mit boardin houses midout no polloner, and dat ish der why dat I lib midout no boardin house."

After these gentlemen had thus stated their grievances, a committee of six was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting, and to procure an alteration in the accommodations at boarding houses, and to report at the next board. Adjourned.

Jealousy.

The enterprise of those interested in the erection of the Crystal Palace has created a feeling of jealousy in the minds of the inhabitants of other cities, and all sorts of reports are circulated. It wont do.

New Engine.

Engine Co. No. 41, housed their new apparatus on Monday last. The engine, which is neat and pretty, was paraded through the streets, attended by sixty equipped members, and a band of music.

The European War.

The Emperor of Russia is busily engaged in discharging "ultimatums" at the Sultan, and the Sultan occupies his leisure hours in sending the "ultimatums" back again. When will this bloody battle have an end?

To News Dealers.

You will oblige us by leaving with either of our Wholesale Agents, your names and places of business. We intend to make a list of all news offices, stands, &c., where the Clipper is kept for sale. It is to your interest as well as to our own.

Barelegged Soldiers.

The barelegged soldiers turned out very strong in the procession, but the barefaced soldiers out numbered them.

Routes.

Several good routes for the Clipper can be formed by active men. Try it

OUR IRISH LETTER—Mfudd.

New York Juli 12,

Dere Muther,

Maybe there isent fine goin an here, this week, bekase iv the opening iv that grate big show shop, the Crushta'Pallis.

Musha, but why arent you an Peggy here, to see the sites.

Shure, the Presydent' here, an he brot all his Cabinet furniture wid him. He left the mistress at home, o take care iv the childer, an kape the peaking pollytishuns from robbin the Whit House.

Och! but he's the fine man, an a rale gintilman; an its grate pity, an a durty shame, that gintlmen dident have the receivein iv him, instead iv the blaggards iv aldermen, that he divil himself wud be ashamed to be seen spakin to.

Bad luck to thim, fur they're always pokin their natty noses where they're not wanted.

Everybody's in a grate spluttefricashun to see the Presydent, an giv him a dacint reciption.—The flags are flyin, canyons roarin, drums batin, an fifes whustlin, plinty iv sogers paradin, an grane coats amung thim too.

Whin the purceshun was movin, a tunder shour busht ovur the citty, an nerely drounded the Presydent, and whin he rached the Pallis, he had to change his shurt, an take a small snicker iv whisky to kape out the could.

What a tunderin site iv peeple was all round the Pallis fur all the world like apes, fur lookin at aitch udder.

There was all kynds iv exhybishuns frum a penny to a shillin a site. A bull wid 5 legs; a gote wid 3 horns; a man widout arms, an who kan ate wid his toes; the snake I tould you about, an a skeleton nager, whose arms an legs are about the size iv the spout to the widdy Caseys tay-pot.

I seen, too, a tall thing, stuck up in the air, wid no flesh an its ribs, as yu cud see thrue thim; an it was stuft wid peeple like you an me. What they were doin inside iv it, I doant know. I euddent get into the Pallis, bekase I wusent one iv the gintry I suppose an a fine wid shute of cloase an me back. The divil a hair I cared; fur I wint into one iv the shows outside witch was wurth a dozin iv Crushtal Pallisses. I seen a say dog, widout legs, an continually turnin in the wather, an ivery now an thin putting up its gaub, whin its kaper wud give it 2 or 3 duzzen iv fishes to ate. While me hed was safe an me shoulders, I clared away wid meself, fur I wud rather kape sich kattle at a dishtance.

Tim Muckilvaney nerely died the udder day, wid a colick he tuk in the pit iv his stummack, an if he hadent swallowed the docthor klane down, all ixcipt his brogues, he'd been a ded man.

Youre lovin
SHAMUS.

MORE PEDESTRIANISM.

MONDAY, JUNE 27.—The prevalence of a sharp wind from S.S.E, which drove the "scud" swiftly athwart the firmament, last Monday, had also the pleasing effect of preventing the rain-charged clouds from pouring down their contents on *terra firma;* and whatever doubts had existed in the morning as to the continued fineness of the day, were totally removed in the afternoon. By the hour of four o'clock Mr. Beswick's *curriculum* at the Royal Oak contained a pretty good muster of the admirers of pedestrianism, principally attracted no doubt by the announcement of a "crack" match to come off between two of the leading velocipedal celebrities of the day, and on which, it was reported, that large sums of money—independent of the heavy stakes—depended. Pending the preparations for the grand *coup de pied*, however, just to "keep the game alive"—as old Crockford was wont to say—two juveniles yclept Bayley and Fletcher, who appeared to be *noti no mine tantum*—as no person on the ground knew anything of their antecedents—h asked for and got permission to test the relative celerity in a two mile race for it was said—5*l.* a side. After the usual concomitants, always attendant on a trul insignificant match, such as rubbing legs (the appearance of which would lead one to suppose that the possessors were totally ignorant of the duty being taken of soap), enshrouding in blankets, rissing mouths, and peculiar antics, such as children in "baby jumpers" usually exhibit, the young gentlemen got away from the scratch, when Bayley, obtaining a slight lead, kept it throughout the first lap, and in the second, though not more than two yards behind his opponent, Mr. Fletcher, without assigning any reason for so doing, unaccountably pulled up, and left the course. This affair being over, the rattling of four-wheeled charabanes, and the appearance of smart lackeys in irreproachable top-boots and cockaded "tiles," gave notice of the advent of that aristocratic section of society who felt interested in the long-spoken-of mile race between

RICHARD CONWAY an JAMES PUDNEY, for 50*l.* a side. A number of military heroes had espoused the cause of, and consequently backed the former to win for a considerable sum, and once the display of equipages that graced the outer yard of the Royal Oak. All spiritedly, and to a large amount did they back their man; here (*par parentse*) we must remark that the support and attendance of the upper ranks of the community on these occasions, is much desiderated; it gives a tone and zest to the proceedings, and heightens considerably the existing interest. Within a few minutes to six o'clock both men appeared at the scratch, and it was generally remarked that Pudney never appeared in better condition, whilst Conway, although his visage seemed lank and careworn, presented far too much flesh on his breast, and costal department, for a man who was expected,

"Orsu pedumprævertere ventos."

Betting now to a considerable extent took place, and though Conway, as we have before stated, was the favorite with the "Corinthians," yet Pudney was by no means without backers amongst the POLLOI, but the betting generally speaking was at evens. The start having taken place, both men "skimmed along the plain" at a clipping pace, Pudney with a slight lead, which he increased to about 10 yards at the termination of the first lap, when 10*l.* to 5*l.*, and many higher bets in the same ratio, were freely offered. Pudney still enlarging the interval betwixt him and his opponent came in at the conclusion of the second lap 20 yards ahead of "The Hibernian." During the third the interest felt by all the spectators was intense, and the struggle between the parties most severe; but though Paddy did "all that may become a man" he never could reach his nimble antagonist, and Pudney ran home a winner by about fifteen paces. The mile was run by Pudney in 4min. 38sec. Although the great excitement of the day was now over, two more candidates for pedestrian celebrity entered the arena to contend for superiority, in a spin of one mile; their names were Ryan and Bishop, who, from the obesity of the one (Ryan) and the attenuation of the other (Bishop—'tis seldom we meet with a lean bishop) were relatively called by their friends "the Fat Boy" and "Smike." The fat gentleman shot ahead at a prodigious rate throughout the early part of the race, but ere the conclusion of the third lap, his "bellows" being terribly disorganised, Smike overtook, passed him, and went in a winner to the tune of "Pop goes the measel," played by Beswick's brass band stationed in his new stand house.

From Bell's Life in London

Shark Fishing—Rare Sport.

Extract of a letter dated Stone Bridge House, Tiverton, R. I., July 7th, 1853.

To escape the noise and confusion of the 4th, I came hither to enjoy a quiet day or two in fishing and sailing, and having seen some rare sport in that line, I have naturally a wish to make a note on't for the benefit of such as are pining for a "breathing spell" during these unbearably hot days in Gotham.

Boats of the best description for safe swift sailing may be had here, with experienced fishermen to command them at very reasonable charges, and the merest tyro in the piscatorial art is sure to bring back a respectable quantity of fine horse mackerel, to say nothing of stacks of blue-fish and smaller fry.

Shark-bating, however, is the great sport at Stone Bridge during the summer months, and hereby hangs a *tail* which I will unfold, and, which if it do not stir thy young blood, and make each particular hair to stand on end, will at least wake up the lovers of exciting sport for one trial of their luck at Stone Bridge.

A party of ladies and gentlemen, on the evening of the fourth caught and hauled about twenty of these monsters upon the bridge, measuring from three to five feet. The sport is generally continued from twelve until nine o'clock in the evening, and as each new-comer is laid at his scaly length up the stone causeway, the "head-ache stick," as Uncle Ned quaintly calls it, is applied to his hard sconce until all propensity for biting off swimmer's legs has disappeared. One Deacon Smith caught, on the same evening, an enormous skate, which on being beached measured over seven feet across the fins. But the crowning sport was reserved for the next day, when Mr. R W. Porter of Pawtucket went off with a party, among whom were several ladies, and fastened to a huge shark of the mackerel species. The monster, on taking the bait and finding himself hooked went off with the line, like a harpooned whale, despite all efforts to hold him. Having a small two-boat at hand, Mr. P. took that and pulled out, the shark towing him rapidly a long distance into the bay, when getting tired he turned and came toward the little boat with expanded jaws and made desperate fight to extricate himself, snapping at the line to bite it off, and then throwing up his tail, would again shoot off rapidly, carrying the boat after him, spinning through the water. Hauling him cautiously back, however, he was at last mastered by repeated vigorous blows with the end of the oar, which was finally run down the rascal's throat, in which condition he was towed ashore. It required the united strength of six men with a stout rope to haul the creature upon the beach, and he measured from the tip of his nose, over the fin, to the end of his tail, eight feet nine inches.

If anybody regards this as a piscatory fabrication, he can see the jaws of the varmint at No. 42 John-st., where they have been deposited as a fourth of July trophy.

The fishing ground is easily reached by stage from Newport, or Fall River, being about eight miles from either place, and only three from Bristol ferry.

COOK.

Said Digby to Quilp, on entering a cab the other day, "why are these vehicles very dangerous?" "Why?" said Quilp. "Because," said Digby, "the man always drives over you." Quilp walked.

FALSTAFF TAVERN,
BY IZZY LAZARUS,
No. 4 James Street,
Two doors from Chatham St., NEW YORK.
Private Lessons given in the Art of Self-Defence at any hour of the day.

NEW SALOONS AND BAR ROOMS
Wishing something nice in the way of
Pictures, Looking Glasses, &c.,
can be supplied at the very lowest prices for cash, by calling on
ROGERS, 150 FULTON STREET,
near Broadway, where they will find a good assortment of every style both antique and modern.

TO SPORTSMEN, CALIFORNIANS, AND OTHERS.
Alfred Woodham,
No. 160 Fulton-street, one door West of Broadway,
OPPOSITE "ST. PAUL'S" CHURCH.
Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz: Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c., &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.
Sole Agent for "Klein's" Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.
"Porter's" Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.
All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.
RAFFERTY & LEASK
are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $4; and in addition giving each customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

The Original Newspaper Depot.
S. HALLOCK,
No. 150 Fulton Street.
General Agent for supplying all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Books, Magazines, &c., &c.
Dealers will find it much to their advantage to patronise the oldest establishment in the United States. By so doing they can have all their Books, Magazines and Newspapers packed carefully in one package, thus avoiding the additional expense of many bundles. Arrangements have been made with the various Publishers, Steamboat and Railroad Companies, for the earliest transmission of Newspapers, &c., superior to any other house.

CARPETINGS.
TREMENDOUS BARGAINS.
AT THE CELEBRATED LARGEST AND CHEAPEST CARPET ESTABLISHMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, No. 99 Bowery, New York,
HIRAM ANDERSON.
EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
SALES ROOM No. 1.
CONTAINS THE MOST EXTENSIVE, FASHIONABLE, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American Floor Oil Cloths, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, fresco, and scroll paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.
SALES ROOM No. 2.
THERE ARE 250 PIECES OF THE CHOICEST, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American Ingrain Carpeting, at unparalleled low prices, from 5s. to 6s. 6d. per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.
SALES ROOM No. 3.
CONTAINS 300 PIECES OF ENGLISH AND American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of magnificent Scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.
SALES ROOM No. 4.
CONTAINS 150 PIECES OF FINE INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices; 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.
SALES ROOM No. 5.
DISPLAYS A WONDERFUL VARIETY of ENGLISH DRUGGETS, 4 yards wide. Also, 3000 yards of Druggets 1¼, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s. 3s. 6d., 4s. 5s. 6s. per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster Hearth Rugs, and 100 Tufted Rugs, at 20s.
SALES ROOM No. 6.
IS FULLY STOCKED WITH EVERY VARIETY of striped and figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet at 7s. 8s. 9s. and 10s. per yard.
SALES ROOM No. 7.
ROYAL VELVET, Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade. Also, Mosaic carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.
SALES ROOM No. 8.
Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, exhibited at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.
Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 16s. and 20s. per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.
Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.
HIRAM ANDERSON.
99 BOWERY.
N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis, will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock. feb25 3m

ROSS & JONES,
No. 21 Ann Street,
General Agents for supplying the city and country with Daily and Weekly Newspapers, cheap Books and Magazines,
Take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in this city.
All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangement with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.
Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by the lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the *Cash* and give the *Working Firm* a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "*Care and Speed*" is our motto.

"Live and Let Live"
Oyster & Dining Saloon,
214 Broadway,
Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.
James A. Walnut, } *Proprietors.*
Wm. H. Radford, }

LITERARY HALL,
No. 52 DIVISION STREET, ABOVE CHRISTIE.
The greatest Newspaper and Periodical Depot in the world—where all the Daily, Weekly, and Sunday Papers, Magazines, Periodicals, and Novels may be obtained as soon as published, together with Blank Books, Stationery, Grate Apron Cut Paper, &c. ROBERT P. ELLIOT, Agent.
Ap. 23-tf.

READING FOR THE MILLION.
Harpers' Magazine, one and sixpence; Putnam, Graham, and Godey, twenty cents.
All the Daily and Weekly Papers, and Periodicals, immediately on publication.
E. COZENS, News Agent,
Ap. 23 25 Hudson St., near Duane.

SULLIVAN HOUSE, No. 82 Chatham-st. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.
JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT" (177 Bowery, near Delancy), still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly, and Daily papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, soon as out; together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town), but at the sufficiently low price of 18¾ cents. Plays of the Standard and Minor Dramas constantly on hand.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,
Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard Street, New York,
For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.
If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person that there is no humbug about this. Those that don't let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen the person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.
My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.
GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.
Office, corner of Orchard and Grand-sts., New York. Entrance, No. 65 Orchard Street.
Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 10 o'clock P. M.
☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
LIFE, HEALTH, STRENGTH,
PURE BLOOD, SOUND BODY, AND CLEAR SKIN, IS INSURED TO ALL WHO TAKE RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT.
ITS QUICK ACTION.
The moment this powerful Renovator of the Blood and Resolver of Disease is taken into the body, it commences its work of cleansing and purification.
Bones that are rotten with poisonous and diseased deposits, are made sound and whole by its action.
BAD BLOOD.
Blood that has become impregnated with corrupt humors and poisonous admixtures, is quickly cleansed and purified, and made clean and healthy.
DISEASED ORGANS.
Organs that have been deranged and prostrated, and rendered incapable of performing their natural functions, are suddenly invigorated and strengthened, and enabled to perform their natural duties.
IT REGENERATES
Every organ and member of the body; it makes sound, healthy and strong all weak, diseased and unsound parts.
DISEASED ACTION.
Wherever there is pain or uneasiness, or sores or itching of the skin or parts of the body—wherever either one or more of the organs is unable to perform its functions in a natural way,
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
Will quickly resolve away from the system the cause of all diseased action, and restore each and every organ to their natural strength and vigor.
LADIES IN ILL HEALTH,
Suffering from unnatural drains and all other complaints incident to females, are assured that RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will invigorate, regenerate, and make sound and healthy, the unsound parts of each and every organ that is in a diseased and unnatural condition.
THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS,
But many trees bear no fruit at all. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will remove all unnatural causes from the generative organs, and will assist the procreative functions in their natural duties.
Let none despair of bearing good fruit; for, as sure as the Renovating Resolvent is taken, the tree will blossom, and in due time bring forth its fruits, free from disease or any hereditary ailments.
WEAKNESS
In Male or Female is quickly cured, and the debilitated and emaciated made strong, vigorous, and healthy. Impotence and Nocturnal Emissions in men, or diseases of either one or more of the generative organs is quickly removed, and the body restored to a healthy and sound condition.
LOW SPIRITS—NERVOUSNESS.
In WOMEN, the numerous complaints and ailments which cast such gloom over their spirits, a few doses of the Renovating Resolvent will quickly remove, and make the most NERVOUS, GLOOMY, and DEPRESSED feel HEALTHY, STRONG and HAPPY
BAD BLOOD
Makes bad flesh, unsound bones, weak nerves, lame joints, and in fact an unhealthy body. Let the blood be tainted or impregnated with poison, and the parts of the system formed of poisonous blood will likewise become diseased. RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT will make the blood pure and healthy, renovate every organ and secretion of the system, and resolve away all diseased and unhealthy deposits.
SKIN DISEASES.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT is a quick and powerful Sudorific. It acts upon the skin and its secretions, freeing this organ from all corrupt visitations, cleansing its pores from poisonous humors, and freeing its external layer or surface from Sores, Blotches, Pimples, and other disfigurements.
PUTRID FLESH.
A man, aged 40, in his youth was indiscreet and contracted a loathsome disease which threatened his life. He was a victim of ill-treatment—he was salivated with mercury, and for years his body has been covered with foul and corrupt humors. He commenced the use of RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT. He had used but one bottle when all the mercurial deposits were driven out of his system. He is now well.
SALT RHEUM.
The most obstinate cases of Salt Rheum will quickly yield to the RENOVATING RESOLVENT. One gentleman, who supposed that this complaint was hereditary in his family, and had been affected with Salt Rheum since his birth, was cured by the use of a few bottles of the Renovating Resolvent, and the
POISONOUS RHEUM
ENTIRELY ERADICATED FROM HIS SYSTEM.
SCROFULOUS DISEASES.
Diseases that have been lingering in the system for five, ten, or twenty years, where the human body itself is part and parcel of diseased matter where the bones have become soft and carious causing the ends of them to ulcerate—where Nodes, Bronchital Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, and Cancers afflict the system—where Syphilis in its many forms, like a leprosy, burns within the human body, spreading its poisonous flame to every organ of the system,
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
has speedily Resolved away all corrupt and poisonous material—Renovated the system—purified the blood, and built up a new body with new and healthy blood.
RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT
is sold by Druggists generally.
BRUISES.
Radway's Ready Relief, applied to a bruise or wound will instantly allay the pain and prevent the skin from becoming discolored. Gentlemen who indulge in pugilistic amusements, should keep by them a bottle of R. R. R.; if any accident should occur, by which their skin would be bruised or personal apperance disfigured, an application of R. R. R. will remove all difficulties, and keep the skin whole and sound.
Price of R. R. Relief $1.00, 50 and 25 cts.
RADWAY & CO.,
162 Fulton street.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.

MYERS'
Empire Stove Polish,
FOR POLISHING
GRATES, STOVES,
STOVE PIPES,
Or any *Ornamental Work of Cast Iron or Wood*, which for *cleanliness in its application, beauty and durability of its Lustre*, is warranted to be superior to *any thing* heretofore offered to the public for that purpose. All orders addressed to
JOS. H. PRICE, 321 SPRING
will meet with prompt attention.

Continued from 1st page.

cruising about all day. The only vessels which started were therefore the following:—

FIRST CLASS ABOVE 15 TONS.

YACHT.	TONS.	OWNER.	BUILDER.
1. PHANTOM	25	Lane, S.	Penney.
2. MOSQUITO	59	Lord Londesborough	Mare.
6. VOLANTE	48	Craigie J. L.	Harvey.

SECOND CLASS UNDER 15 TONS.

1. VESPER	15	Roberts, P.	Rubie.
2. VAMPIRE	15	Wheeler, C.	Hatcher.

* Lengthened by White.

Half-minute time allowed for tonnage. No time above 50 tons. The usual R.T.Y.C. regulations. Course, from Erith round the Nore and back.

The Phantom and Mosquito were nearest the South shore, the Volante having the sixth and much the worst station over to the North; the Vesper and Vampire were below them, the Vesper to the southward. There was a fine single reef breeze from the S.W. throughout the day, with occasional puffs of greater force, and the sun shone bright and strong until after the vessels had reached Erith, which is rather singular, as we understand that there were several smart showers in London. Although the sport was not so good as we have seen it, the river was covered with yachts and sailing craft; in fact, we *do* not recollect at any previous match to have seen so many vessels about. Amongst them we noticed the Sverige, Margaret, Avalon, Pearl, Novice, Phœnix, Dart, Violet, Vestal, Aquiline, Thought, Smokie-Pega, and Will o' the Whisp, and a sloop belonging, we believe, to Sir W. Bayne. A singular-looking centre board craft with a sort of ogee bow, said to have been just launched, seemed to turn very well to windward, and attracted much attention. The club steamer, Meteor, arrived at Erith shortly after eleven o'clock, with a fair number, but not a crowd on board her, and at 11h. 22min. 25sec. the first gun was fired; two coasters, however, bore down on the Volante, and the start was therefore delayed till they had passed, and at 11h. 29min. the second gun was fired. The Vampire's sails were hoisted and she was off directly, the Vesper, however, first setting her topsail. The Mosquito had sprung her gaff, and was obliged to carry a reef; this, however, enabled her to get her mainsail up and to set her topsail some time before the Volante could do so. The Phantom's topmast was at first housed, and she did not get her topsail up till the vessels were in Long Reach. The Mosquito carried her 30-foot topsail, the Volante one rather larger. The Mosquito was at first a little hampered by a brig and schooner, and the little vessels and Phantom were rather ahead; just off Purfleet, however, the Mosquito drew clear ahead of everything, and shortly afterwards the Volante passed the others, the Phantom followed her, and the Vampire kept slightly ahead of the Vesper. In this order they continued, and the Mosquito passed Mucking Light at 12:39 exactly, the Volante being then about a minute astern, the Phantom some distance astern of her, and the little boats a long way off. In Long Reach the Mosquito had set a small jib, appearing to think that the only thing she had to fear was the loss of a spar, and in jibing in the Lower Hope, she hauled her sheet aft, and put the sail over quietly instead of performing the awful operation of jibing "all standing," which no one can conceive who has not been on board a racing vessel, or caught aback. When half way down Sea Reach the Musquito took in her topsail; there was then a strong free wind, and the vessels flew along at a tremendous pace, rounding the Nore as follows:—

H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
MOSQUITO 1 52 40	VOLANTE 1 55 18	PHANTOM 2 03 45

In rounding, the Mosquito seemed to have some trouble with her mainsheet, and shortly after rounding, the Volante carried away her bobstay, which, we believe, was never rightly replaced, and remained dragging under her bottom, and she was never again able to set her jib properly. The wind was now short, and the vessels were closehauled, or nearly so, and ran up the edge of the sands, the tide not having turned; topsails were of course taken in, topmasts housed, and smaller jibs set. About half way up the reach the Volante seemed to touch the ground. The vessels had to beat up the Lower Hope, and to make one or two tacks in Gravesend Reach. They finally reached Erith as follows:—

H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
MOSQUITO 5 6 50	VOLANTE 5 12 56	PHANTOM 5 33 12

The Phantom, we understand, sprung a leak soon after starting, which kept the pump at work, and, no doubt, prevented her from occupying the position which she has always obtained since her alteration.

The small vessels went round a boat off the Chapman head; the Vesper had passed the Vampire on the road down, but did not round the mark boat very skilfully, and allowed the Vampire to cut her out and get ahead. Shortly afterwards the Vesper carried away her bobstay, and then one jib sheet and then the other, and the Vampire carried away part of her rigging, but finally arrived at the winning flag about seven minutes ahead, though as the steamer was not there, the time was not accurately taken. We understand that a private match between these two vessels is in contemplation. Checks for the amount of the prizes were handed by the noble Commodore to the winners, a class which, on the present occasion, included everybody who sailed, and the steamer reached London Bridge at 7:30. The race was by far the fastest match which has been sailed from Erith to the Nore, the whole distance, which is said to be sixty miles, having been sailed over in little more than five hours and a half, the Meteor having been kept on full steam nearly the whole time.

Prince of Wales Yacht Club.

An amateur sailing match, single handed (only one hand on board each vessel), took place on the 15th inst. between two members of the sailing committee of this club. The contending yachts were the Albatross, 7 tons, against the Idas, 6½ tons, and the course from Blackwall to Gravesend and back, for a purse of 10*l*. The Vice-Commodore of the R.W.Y.C. acted as umpire in the Valentine, and was accompanied by a numerous fleet of yachts drawn together to witness this extraordinary form of match sailing. Amongst them were Waterwitch, Cormorant, Julia, Alice, Traveller, Undine, Waterwitch (Bermudian rig), Calliope, &c. The Avalon was also under weigh; and the Sverige, at anchor off Erith, had hoisted the red ensign and club burgee on the occasion. Both yachts being at their stations, the starting gun was fired at 10:45, when Idas made an excellent start, her sails being hoisted by her solitary *crew* of one almost as quickly as when she is over manned on ordinary match days. Albatross met with an accident at first starting, her spring getting foul of the main horse and holding her for about five minutes before it was noticed, as the sails were being hoisted forward at the time; and whilst running aft to clear the obstruction, the main halyards gave way, and down came the mainsail on deck, causing the most difficult manœuvre of the day—that of hoisting the mainsail alone—to be performed twice, which accident as will be seen, changed entirely the "fortune of the day." The wind was light from S.W., and well suited to such an undertaking, as it must be remembered that six hands in a match are considered the complement for this size craft, where now one man had the boldness to act for all. Idas went aloft to set topsail, then sheeted, trimmed sails, and smoked his cigar with the most perfect *nonchalance*, appearing more like a passenger on deck, with all hands below. Albatross also set topsail, but had hardly wind enough for her superior tonnage, which was against her in many respects. They rounded at Gravesend in the following order:—

	H.	M.	S.
Idas	1	37	0
Albatross	1	47	30

Having hauled their sheets aboard, they fell in with a nice breeze. When in St. Clements Albatross carried away her topmast, causing her crew to go aloft and clear away the spar, but from the way she gained on Idas after the accident, it was evident that she would have done better without a topsail at all, for, after rounding the buoy at Gravesend, it bagged her away to leeward, from not being properly laced and sheeted home, duties impossible for one hand to perform *on a wind*. In Woolwich Reach Albatross, now in better trim, passed Julia, Calliope, and was coming up fast with the freshening breeze to her rival, having gained five minutes on her in the return from Gravesend, so that, without the accident met with in starting, it would have been almost a tie. They rounded the winning buoy as follows:—

	H.	M.	S.
Idas	5	24	0
Albatross	5	20	45

Another similar match, on the same amount, is to come off on the 29th July between two new yachts, of seven and eight tons, when the Idas and Albatross will have an opportunity of also competing with the same, of which due notice will be given.

Launch of an Iron Schooner Yacht.

On Tuesday last we had the pleasure of witnessing one of those gratifying spectacles, the launch of an iron schooner yacht, built by Mr. J. Scott Russell for Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P. This yacht is named the Titania, and is intended to replace the other of that name, which, as our readers are aware, was destroyed by fire soon after competing with the famed America. We understand that the Sverige belonging to Vice-Commodore Bartlett, R.L.Y.C., will meet the Titania at the forthcoming regatta at Lowestoft, when a spirited contest may be anticipated. After the launch Mr. Russell gave a splendid *dejeuner*, at which Capt. Andrews proposed the health of "Mr. Stephenson," "the Royal Yacht Squadron," and "Success to the Titania," all of which were received with due honors. Mr. Russell then proposed "the Navy," and "the Royal Thames Yacht Club," which he considered second to the Royal Squadron. Capt. Freestun returned thanks for the navy, and also as a member of the Royal Thames Club, and observed that he saw many gentlemen present who had devoted their time, talent, and purse in the improvement of yacht building, adding thereby to the nursery of our best seamen. He thought that to those gentlemen this great commercial country owed a debt of deep gratitude, and while the navy had such support he trusted England would ever maintain her maritime superiority. Capt. Andrews afterwards proposed the healths of Mr. J. Scott Russell, and Commodore Goodson, of the Royal London Club.

Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

The first sailing match of the season, for yachts of the second class, took place on Saturday afternoon, the 11th inst., in the Great Float, the prize being a handsome silver cup. In consequence of the drizzling rain, which had continued perseveringly to descend the whole of the day until the evening had somewhat advanced, the attendance of spectators and pleasure-seekers was limited. The following yachts were entered for the contest:—

FIRST HEAT.—Little Wonder, rigged as a three-masted schooner, Mr. J. A. Crook, owner; Scotia, rigged as a lugger, Mr. George H. Robertson; Anglia, rigged as a three-masted schooner, Mr. W. B. Aspinall; Black Joke, rigged as a lugger, Mr. J. Watkins.

SECOND HEAT.—Susan, two-masted schooner, Mr. Helenus Robertson; Una, sloop, Mr. R. M. Grinnell; America, two-masted schooner, Mr. R. M. Grinnell; Will Watch, lugger, Mr. J. Watkins.

THIRD HEAT.—Ganymede, three-masted schooner, Mr. W. B. Aspinall; Maghull, schooner, Mr. Peter Cato; and Kate, (late Augusta), cutter, Mr. T. Bland. The Falcon, lugger rigged, was also entered, but did not show.

In starting for the first heat the breeze was so light that the boats had considerable difficulty in getting away. After two attempts, they made a fair start, and a pretty race was won by the Black Joke.

A strong breeze increased the interest of the second heat, which was won, in beautiful style, by the Una. She is an American craft, as also is the America, both having been sent over from New York expressly for contesting with the yachts belonging to the Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.

In the third heat, which was also favored with a strong breeze, the Maghull sailed fast, and being in superior trim than either the Ganymede or Kate, she kept a better course, and won easily.

The deciding heat, the most exciting feature of the day, next took place. At the start the Una and Maghull fouled, and Black Joke went ashore; but a fresh start was speedily made, and they got away well together, and a beautiful race was won in gallant style by the Black Joke. She is a new craft, by Mr. Bishop, a "model yacht" builder, at Birkenhead, and was very greatly admired. At the conclusion of the race the cup was presented to Mr. Watkins, the owner of the winning boat, by Mr. Hamilton Laird, the Commodore of the club. The result of the match has given great satisfaction, as showing that England can compete successfully with her transatlantic brother in the construction and sailing of model yachts. We are glad to learn that a floating depot for keeping rowing boats, model yachts, &c. is about to be moored in the Great Float, abreast the Seacombe dam. This will supply a want that has long been felt by all who take a pleasure in aquatic amusements. The next race of this enterprising and successful club will take place on the 29th inst. for first-class models, eight tons and under, on which occasion six or seven craft will be entered that are not to be surpassed if equalled for model in any part of the kingdom.—The above was omitted last week for want of space.

Launch of the Clipper Yachts Zara and the Lily of the Test.

The first of these magnificent yacht schooners, constructed by Mr. Joseph White, for the Earl of Wilton, Commodore of the R. Y. S., was launched on Saturday, 26th of June, at East Cowes, in the presence of a goodly assemblage of spectators. She is a noble craft, and to judge of her appearance, somewhat resembles the America in her lines. This yacht exceeds the America in tonnage, and consequently has increased accommodation. At half-past 2 o'clock, the Zara received the baptismal honors from Miss Susan White, daughter of her builder. At the given signal the dog-shores were knocked away, and the majestic craft glided into her destined element amid the cheers of the spectators. Her dimensions are as follows: Length on deck 110ft, breadth 24ft 3in, depth 12ft 3 in, and admeasures 111 tons by the new measure, and 280 by the old—a great disparity between the two modes, and we do not wonder there should be so much controversy on the subject, in the absence of a more equalising method of calculating the tonnage. Here is a specimen of one of the clipper craft looking, when afloat, what she really appears to be by the old method, but deprived of by the new. The Zara has an upright sternpost, and it cannot therefore be said that, like the raing sterns, she is built to cheat tonnage. She, nevertheless, find a greater disparity between the old and new in her than we have observed in other vessels of the squadron which have come under our notice.

By way of comparison we may instance the following:

	N. M.	O. M.
Gipsey Queen	104	190
Alarm	110	248
Zara	111	280
Lotus	126	188
Wyvern	127	205
Titania	129	181
Beatrix	130	208
Erminia	150	220
Constance	167	249
America	170	208

Comparing the Alarm and the Zara there is only one ton difference in the new measure between them, but the result by the old shows a difference of 32 tons. These two yachts approximate nearly in dimensions. Again, we have the Lotus, Wyvern, and Beatrix, which nearly accord in the new measurement, presenting a greater contrast in the old, yet they are from the school of the same builder, Mr. Camper.—To return to the launch. Scarcely had the stentorian lungs of the East subsided before the brethren of the West Medene took up the cheers, apropos on the launch of another exquisitely-finished model of about 90 tons, after the lines of the American clippers, which was constructed by Messrs Ratsey & Son, of West Cowes, for George Wood, Esq, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and, to all appearance, will prove to be no mean rival to many of their celebrated craft. She was christened the "Lily of the Test," by Miss Williams, the daughter of Thomas Williams, Esq, of Joy House, who gave the *benedicite* on the occasion.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Doings at the Royal Oak, Barking Road.

MONDAY, JUNE 20.—This being the anniversary of her gracious Majesty's accession to the throne, all was joyous exhiliration in, and around the metropolis. The ringing of bells and the booming of cannon, struck gratefully on the ear in token of unabated loyalty. As Byron writes—

There were bright faces in the busy halls,
Bowls on the board, and banners on the walls;

And as we were rapidly conveyed along the river's side by the Blackwall rail, the steamers, flags, and pennons, gaily floating from the mast-head of vessels from all nations, presented a most pleasing and animated appearance. On arriving at the racing grounds of the Royal Oak, Barking-road, we were glad to find, that the proprietor, Mr. Beswick, was by no means deficient in demonstrations of his allegiance to the House of Brunswick, for on the summit of his lofty "hostelrie," the British banner waved from the top of a flag-staff of considerable altitude, and ever and anon a brass-band (certainly not "The Pope's") stationed in the grounds, played "National Anthem" and "Hail Star of Brunswick," midst the cheers of assembled hundreds, collected to witness the match announced to come off between

WILLIAM SPOONER, the then champion, and CHARLES WESTHALL, of far-famed pedestrian celebrity. The distance to be walked was 10 miles—Westhall receiving a start of one minute—which, by the way, to a man of Westhall's powers was no inconsiderable advantage. The stakes were £25 a side and The Champion's Belt. The early part of the day was marked by frequent alternations of rain and sunshine, but at the approach of evening the weather assumed an appearance of pleasant fineness and from 1,100 to 1,200 persons assembled on the grounds. The betting was by no means of a decisive character, but Westhall appeared to be the favorite with many of the spectators, who freely offered to back him at 5 to 4 and in a few instances at 3 to 2. John Smith (the Regent-street Pet attended with bottle and sponge as the "travelling companion" of Spooner; while William Newman, who has not long since returned from a trans-Atlantic trip, accompanied Westhall. Both men appeared in capital condition, Spooner all bone and muscle, and as hard as flint; Westhall, who had been trained for the occasion at Putney, under the care of his old friend Newman, and of whose judicious treatment he bore ample testimony, having never appeared in finer condition. On the word "away" being given at within 19 minutes to six o'clock, Westhall bounded from the scratch with a fifty-horse power speed, and at the termination of his one minute start, had succeeded in gaining nearly three-fifths of a lap; at which instant Spooner started forward on his travels. Spooner continued to gain on his rival from the post and at the end of the first mile they were not more than half a lap asunder, and this interval "grew small by degress and beautifully less," in the three succeeding miles. Throughout the fifth mile neither party appeared to alter their position by a single yard. Half the entire distance had now been traversed, and was gone over by Westhall in thirty-seven minutes thirty-five seconds, by Spooner in 37min 6sec. In the sixth mile Westhall partly regained his lost advance. He appeared to put on additional steam, and had shaken off a certain retarding stiffness of motion in his legs and arms, which had characterised his movements in the preceding miles. The first 21 laps—nearly seven miles—were walked by Westhall in 59min, by Spooner in 58¾min. Throughout the seventh mile Westhall appeared again slightly to retrograde; but during the eighth he once more "steamed" away, seemed as strong as a horse, and gained considerably on the champion. 'Twas now evident that the match was Westhall's, his superior strength telling in his favor every succeeding lap; and this became so evident to the spectators, that it was the "Koh-i-noor diamond to a Bunbury cake" on him. His rival feeling also the hopelessness of his success, and being much distressed, judiciously retired from the contest at the conclusion of the 28th lap, having walked 7-10ths of the entire distance, or about 8¾ miles in 1h 15min. 35sec. Westhall now threw his coat over his shoulders, and walked over the "balance left" of his ten miles at his leisure. Westhall can have the stakes at our office on Monday, at one o'clock.

The Veteran Robert Fuller v. Time.

A match, says a morning paper, has been for some time pending, although kept as quiet as possible, in which the once celebrated Robert Fuller was backed for £100 to walk fair heel and toe 20 miles in 3h and 15min. This trial of pluck and stamina against the "common enemy," Time, came off on Monday, the meeting taking place at the Queen's Head, Denham, about a mile from Uxbridge. The attendance of spectators to witness the performance was confined to about a score or so, patrons of this manly pastime, with some few rusties who had got scent of what was coming off. Though comparatively speaking, so few in number, the betting was of a heavy character, one gentleman alone speculating to the tune of £100 at evens. At about 4 o'clock Fuller—having to walk over a mile of ground—made his appearance on the course, and, for an old-'un," certainly looked remarkably well. On commencing the match, he went off in his well known graceful style, and accomplished the first two miles in 20 min 41sec, the second two miles in 21min 10sec, and the third two miles in 19min 40 sec; thus showing a considerable improvement in pace. Fuller, at a winning pace, thus continued the contest up to the fourteenth mile, when he became much distressed, and this caused his friends to entertain a strong opinion that he would have to succumb. The plucky resolve of this pedestrian has often, on the present occasion, been displayed, an indomitable determination once more secured him a triumph; for, after a severe struggle, he was enabled to shake off the weakness, and, having done this, went the remainder of the distance in glorious style, finally arriving at the goal a winner, having accomplished the distance in three hours, thirty four minutes, and fifty seconds.

Akers and Whehouse.

After two postponements, and the stakes being increased from £25 to £35 a side the match of 120 yards between Arthur Akers of Birmingham, and Whitehouse of Bloxwich, came off on Monday last on the Derby-road, about a mile outside the town of Birmingham, and after one of the closest contests ever witnessed in the Midland districts, terminated in favor of Whitehouse by *one foot!* There were between 5,000 and 6,000 spectators, amongst whom a good deal of betting took place, eventually at evens, although at an early period of the day Whitehouse was the favorite at 6 to 4. The men appeared at the scratch shortly before three o'clock, in excellent fettle and full of confidence. After a vast deal of tiresome "dodging" for full three quarters of an hour, the men got away, Whitehouse taking a slight lead, which however he did not long maintain, for within 20 yards of home the men were abreast and the race terminated in favor of Whitehouse, by the short distance above stated.

Doings at West Hill Park, Halifax.

HALF MILE RACE FOR THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—This event came off on Monday last, and drew together about 4,000 spectators, many of them from various parts of the country, and no doubt there would have been double the number present had the day been finer. After several minor affairs had been disposed of, a handicap race for a purse of money took place, and for which the following contended:— First heat won by Dodgson of King's Cross, beating Gibson, Best, and Crowther. Second heat won by James Smith (alias Tin Boots), beating T. Buckley and Thorp. The deciding heat was won by Smith, beating Dodgson by two yards after a good race. The competitors for the belt then proceeded to draw for places, and at six o'clock the following went to scratch:—Earnshaw of High Town, Hemmingway of Leeds, Simon Clarkenshaw, H. T. Reed of London, Crowther of Mytholmroyd, Jones of Rastrick, J. Horrocks of Walker of Workington, and John Whittingham of Bradford, and by the able management of Mr. Crowther, proprietor of the grounds, a most excellent start was effected. The lead was taken by G. T. Reed for about half way round at a splitting pace, after which it was taken up by Hemmingway, until coming into the straight run in, when Horrocks passed them all, and won by a yard; Walker was second, and Hemmingway third, and the others finished close up.

ROWING.

Great National Rowing Match for £100 and the Championship of Scotland.

This highly interesting match between the crews of Perth, Glasgow, and the vale of Leven, came off on Saturday, the 25th ult, on Gairloch, and terminated, as was generally anticipated, in favor of the Perthmen, who from the start completely outstripped their rivals, and went in winners by about 300 yards ahead of the Maid of Leven, who was in her turn a boat's length in advance of the Maid of Clyde. The antagonistic boats were all four-oared outrigger gigs, not exceeding 27 feet in length, and the distance pulled was four miles. So confident did the good men of Perth feel of victory, that they amused themselves during a great portion of the match by looking sternways at the contest between the "Maids" of Clyde and Leven (who struggled hard for second place), and had actually passed the flag boat, the goal of victory, nearly a mile, before they were conscious of their triumph. This great national match, which has unequivocally conferred the superiority on the Perthmen over all the other crews in Scotland, was looked forward to with the most intense interest, and the various railway and steam packet stations were densely thronged in the evening by thousands anxious to ascertain the result of the match, which was no sooner notified in Perth, and the approach of the victors ascertained, than "See the Conquering Hero Comes," was played up by a first-rate instrumental band, and re-echoed by the cheers of an applauding multitude. Since the above match came off, we have seen a letter signed by Robert Swan, secretary to the Perth Rowing Club, expressive of his astonishment at their being again challenged by the Glasgow crew, whom, as he states, they have beaten four times within the last twelve months. He furthermore says that as they have other business to mind than rowing, they being all working men, they cannot accept every idle challenge thrown out to them, but concludes by stating that, to put an end to all disputes, they will for this time meet them on the understanding that they shall not again be challenged this year—that if they will row in four-oared outriggers, they will row them at two days' notice, in a Perth-built boat, built by a Glasgow man; but if they are to have a new boat they will name the 16th of July, in order to give them time to have a new boat built. The race to come off at Perth, and reasonable expenses being allowed to the Glasgow crew. Their money is ready, application to be made to the secretary, &c. The above account is abridged from the *Constitutional*.

Aquatics at Eton.

We have received the following more lengthy account for the first heat of the grand race for the Challenge Silver Sculls and Presentation Cup, from a correspondent. Only nine boats appeared, and were handicapped into two rows, about a couple of lengths apart.

FIRST ROW. — Sir M. Jackson, Gould, Mills, Proby.

SECOND.— Brandreth, Hudson, Warre, Collins mi, Pinkney.

The start was excellent; Warre got off first of his row, Brandreth next, Hudson bringing up the rear. Brandreth, however, was soon soused by running into Sir M., who was swamped at the fourth stroke; both were soon righted, and Brandreth, though with a great hole broken in the stern of his boat, succeeded eventually in gaining the fifth place. A little fouling took place at the Clump, and Collins mi was overturned too far from the shore to allow of his being righted in time to do any service, which was much regretted, as he had a very good chance. At the Railway bridge there was a general collision, and Gould got away with a good lead, followed by Hudson, Pinkney, Warre and Mills, who dropped into the water soon after. The race from here degenerated into a mere paddle for the first four, except when Hudson cleverly passed Gould below Lower Hope, the first four coming in at long intervals in the following order:—Hudson, Gould, Pinkney and Warre; these four will therefore start on Friday for the final heat. Betting at starting: 2 to 1 agst Pinkney, 3 to 1 agst Collins or Hudson, 7 to 2 agst Warre, 10 to 1 agst any other, Collins mi, who was first favourite for a long time, was prevented from starting by an accident in beginning of his practice.

On Friday, June 24th, the second heat of the sculling was rowed; but in spite of the splendid racing and admirable rowing of the competitors, it turned out anything but a satisfactory race. The boats were placed in one row in the following stations:—Town side: Gould (1), Hudson (2). Windsor side: Warre (1), Pinkney (2).

Owing to the gun missing fire a very bad start was effected. Mr. Gould took the lead, followed by Mr. Hudson. There was a good race between Warre and Pinkney for the third place, the boats being oar and oar as far as Bageman's Bridge, here Mr. Warre fouled Pinkey, thereby losing his chance of the Sculls almost at the same minute Hudson fould Gould, but, owing to the foul being considered doubtful, both continued rowing; they continued in the same order as far as he Rushes in spite of the plucky rowing of Hudson, who repeatedly endeavoured to pass Gould. At the Rushes, however, Mr. Gold was swamped, chiefly owing to the interference of the waterman stationed there, and as he was assisted into his boat by the bystanders he was declared by the umpires distanced. Some splendid racing took place between Pinkney and Hudson in going down stream, the race being doubtful to the very last. Mr. Hudson, however, passed Windsor bridge first, but only by a very short length. Immediately on coming in Mr. Pinkney claimed the race, owing to the foul between Hudson and Gould, and this, after some discussion, was allowed by the umpires. Mr. Pinkney is therefore the winner.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

"A Balm for every Wound, a Cure for every Ill."

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
LUMBAGO,
SCIATICA,
SALT-RHEUM,
TETTER,
PILES,
SCALD-HEAD,
CAKED BREAST,
SORE NIPPLES,
SORE SHINS,
BURNS AND
SCALDS,

ULCERS, GOUT,
STIFF JOINTS,
BRUISES,
CUTS,
CHAFES,
GALLS,
SPAVIN,
SPLENT,
RING-BONE,
SWENEY,
SORES,
SCRATCHES,
POLL-EVIL.

HARD LUMPS OR TUMORS,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Pains or Inflammation, in Man or Beast.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

This is to certify that the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been used quite extensively in the stables of Adams & Co.'s Great Southern, Eastern and Western Express, for CURING Galls, Chafes, Scratches, Sprains, and Bruises, and it has proved effectual. Many of their men have also used it on themselves and their families, and they all speak of its healing and remedial qualities in the highest terms. One of our hostlers got kicked, and badly cut and bruised on his knee—as usual, the Mustang Liniment was resorted to, and the soreness and lameness was soon removed, and it was perfectly well in three or four days. We have no hesitation in recommending it as a valuable preparation, to be used externally on man or beast.

J. DUNNING,
Foreman of Adams & Co.'s Express Stable, New York.

☞ A child in Frederickton, N. B., a few days ago, burned its legs severely against a stove. The mother immediately applied Linseed Oil and Cotton Wool, with a tight bandage over all. In a short time the screams of the child induced the mother to remove the bandage, when it was discovered that the cotton wool had taken fire by spontaneous combustion, and had considerably increased the size of the burn. The mother happened to think that she had part of a bottle of Mustang Liniment in her house, which she got immediately and applied to the burned limbs of the little sufferer, and as soon as it was applied, the child ceased its cries and soon after fell asleep in its mother's arms, by the soothing influence of this valuable preparation.

Every family should be supplied with this Liniment in case of accident, as we know it to be a valuable article.—*Boston Eve. Chronicle.*

☞ It becomes our duty to state, from unquestionable facts, that there is a compound patented by Messrs. Bragg & Co., Broadway, corner of Duane street, that in a pre-eminent degree supersedes all modern preparations, and the best evidence that can be given of the "Mexican Mustang Liniment" is that it effects the salutary and desirable objects which its worthy inventors have so fully demonstrated in their advertisement, in another column. We are well acquainted with a gentleman in this city, who has visited our office every other day for the last three years, and who, during the period of seven years, as he states, suffered considerable pain at intervals, in his knee-joint, from rheumatism, and though he had recourse to every description of compound medicines within the reach of purchase, yet not the least relief did any of them afford him. About two months since he was induced to try the Mustang Liniment, and after about thirteen applications he found himself entirely relieved from all rheumatic pain or affection.—*Irish American.*

From a personal acquaintance with the individual mentioned in the preceding paragraph, we have no hesitation in endorsing the statement.—*Eds. Democrat*

OFFICE WALL STREET JOURNAL,
NEW YORK, 1st Feb. 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—

We want your advertisement, because we have used your Liniment, personally, and it has done us good. We will insert it at $2 per month instead of $4, and you may change it to suit yourselves.

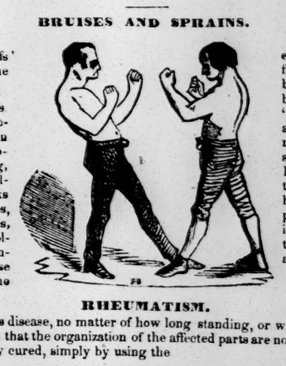
Yours, respectfully,
ROBINSON & CO.

DOVER, N. H., January 26th, 1853.

MESSRS. A. G. BRAGG & CO.—I had a valuable horse that about three weeks since was wounded severely in his thigh, with a sharp hook, opening a gash three inches in length, and an inch or more deep. I tried various articles to heal it, but inflammation getting into it caused large quantities of matter to collect, and the limb was quite stiff. A friend of mine asked me if I had tried the Mustang Liniment, to which I replied in the negative, but thinking it might do some good, was induced to try it. I had only used one half bottle when the inflammation began to be removed, and the wound to heal. Now it is entirely healed and the hair is growing over the wound, making it look as well as ever. Hoping that others may be benefited by a trial of your valuable compound, I remain yours,

CHAS. E. WHITEHOUSE.

BRUISES AND SPRAINS.



We have almost daily proofs of the magical power of the **Mustang Liniment** in severe bruises and sprains. Every one is subject to accidental bruises by coming in contact with some hard substance, in stumbling, falling, being upset in carriages, railway cars, &c., or by kicks from horses, falling of stones, timbers, and other missiles, and thousands of other collisions that we are constantly subject to. A bruise upon the face or about the eyes, will frequently disfigure a person for weeks by leaving large "black and blue" marks indicative of a "set to," that are particularly disagreeable and annoying to a sensitive person. By using the Mustang Liniment as directed, all those discolored spots will be removed with a few applications, and the skin left its natural color. Sprains of the most severe character are cured in a few days.

RHEUMATISM.

Persons afflicted with this disease, no matter of how long standing, or what the cause, or what remedies they may have used, so that the organization of the affected parts are not destroyed, can be promptly effectually, and permanently cured, simply by using the

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

Numerous certificates can be furnished from persons who have paid hundreds of dollars to doctors, and from ONE to FIVE dollars a bottle for various Rheumatic Compounds and Specifics, without receiving any relief, who have been perfectly cured in a few days by the use of ONE BOTTLE of the Mustang Liniment. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have as yet established but one agency for the Mustang Liniment in Canada West—namely, Mr. James Granger, of Napannee. He writes us as follows:

"The way is, in my opinion, opening advantageously for an extensive sale of your article in our neighborhood. Scarcely a day passes without several calls for Mustang Liniment." With this letter came the following certificates.

CANADA WEST,
FREDERICKSBURG, December 1st, 1852.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Sir, I feel it my duty to inform you of the good effects of a medicine which I purchased of you, called Mexican Mustang Liniment. My wife has been affected with very severe Rheumatism during the last twenty-four years, and her case has baffled the most skilful physicians in our vicinity. I have tried every patent medicine recommended to cure that disease, which came within my reach, but her affliction was rather increased than lessened. Her knee, the part in which the disease was located, became greatly calloused. She had been for many years obliged to use crutches, having almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. I by chance heard of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, for which I was informed you were agent. I obtained and applied a bottle. It entirely removed the pain, and by a continued application of more of the medicine, I believe four bottles, the callouses are nearly gone. My wife can now walk freely without crutches and free from pain.

Yours, very truly,
WM. SPENCER, Sen.

CANADA WEST,
RICHMOND, February 8th, 1853.

MR. JAMES GRANGER—Dear Sir: During the last six years, I have been a very great sufferer from Rheumatism. In the cold weather, especially, my disease raged with almost *insupportable* violence. I have been frequently confined to my bed for weeks together. I became helpless and hopeless. I tried the multitude of nostrums prescribed by my friends and acquaintances, but without any permanent relief. At very great expense, I employed medical aid. I remained many months under the charge of the best reputed physicians in our vicinity, but found no better success. I had recourse to the most skilful practitioners in Bellville and Kingston, but my hopes were again prostrated. My case was considered *incurable*. When at last, as one given up to die, I had lain nearly three months suffering extreme agony and unable to obtain relief from any quarter, I was recommended to use a medicine called Mexican Mustang Liniment, to be found at your drug store. Though I had never heard of such a medicine, such was the state of my case that I resolved to try it. The effect seemed scarcely credible to myself, yet it was so. My pains left me entirely, and after spending more than one hundred dollars in cash, and suffering more than I would have thought it possible for man to suffer and survive, a dollar's worth of the Mexican Mustang Liniment, manufactured by A. G. Bragg & Co., has completely restored me to health. Should there be any one suffering from this terrible disease, I hope that so simple, easily applied and efficacious a remedy, as the M. M. Liniment, may be within their reach. I remain dear sir, yours very truly,

SAMUEL BALDWIN.

To Country Merchants. Every store should be supplied with this valuable Liniment as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly. **Prices of the Liniment.** It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and RETAILS at **25** cents—**50** cents—and **1** dollar per bottle. The 50 cent and dollar bottles contain 50 and 100 per cent. more Liniment, in proportion to their cost, so that money is saved by buying the large sizes.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., *Sole Proprietors.*

PRINCIPAL OFFICES—304 Broadway, corner Duane street, New York, and corner Third and Market streets St Louis, Mo. Also for sale by dealers in Medicines throughout the United States.